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APPLES OF GOLD

IN

PICTURES OF SILVER:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES AND OCCASIONAL PIECES,

NEW AND OLD,

For Sunday Schools, Prayer and Social Meetings.

BY EDWARD ROBERTS.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON & COMPANY, 277 WASHINGTON STREET.

NEW YORK: CHARLES H. DITSON & COMPANY.

PREFACE.

"A word fitly spoken is like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver."—PROVERBS XXV. 11.

THIS book contains

1. A careful selection of those standard hymns and tunes which are most used, and, in experience, have proved most precious in Christian worship. It is a growing conviction, with many earnest laborers in Sunday Schools, that these have, latterly, been too much neglected. The advantage of familiarizing children with those hymns and tunes which are most useful in public or social religious services generally is obvious. The Sunday School is a favorable place for this training, and it is a mistake to suppose that children will not be interested in these tunes, or that they cannot understand such hymns.

2. Many new Sunday School Songs, the words and music of which, it is hoped, will be found not ouly attractive and pleasing in a high degree, but also free from those objections which have with reason been urged against some of the songs which have lately been used.

3. Occasional Pieces, suitable for social gatherings, family use, Sunday School Concerts, Anniversaries, etc.

4. An Index of Subjects for convenient use.

The first twenty pages are filled with hymns suitable for the opening or close of services. This is done as a matter of convenience when a selection must be hastily made; though many other hymns appropriate for these uses will be found on other pages. At the close of the book are presented several pieces designed more especially for such occasional use as has been alluded to, nearly all the music of which is new.

Though designed primarily for Sunday Schools, it is hoped this collection will be found well suited to the use of Prayer and Conference Meetings, and families.

Acknowledgments are due to Dr. LOWELL MASON for permission to select freely from his music, and to WM. B. BRADBURY, GEO. F. ROOT, Rev. A. A. GRALEY and others for permission to insert some of their most valuable pieces. The author is also indebted to kind friends for original contributions.

A large portion of the hymns and tunes in this book are *copyright property*, and no one is at liberty to print them in any form, for Anniversaries or for any other purpose, without first obtaining permission.

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APPLES OF GOLD

IN

PICTURES OF SILVER.

1. SABBATH MORNING.

Mrs. V. *

1. Lo! an - oth- er Sabbath morning Comes to cheer us with its ray; Father, in Thine arm of

Refrain.

mer - cy, Keep us thro' this ho-ly day. Lord! we praise Thee, Lord! we bless Thee For another Sabbath day.

2 From the world and sinful pleasure
Turn our youthful hearts away;
Bring us to the courts of Zion,
With Thy faithful ones to pray. *Refrain.*

3 When the choral hymn is rising,
May we join the sacred lay,—
Full of ardent, pure devotion,
Grateful for this holy day. *Refrain.*

4 Throw Thy chain of love around us,
May we never, never stray
From Thy fold, O blessed Saviour;
Keep us near Thee every day. *Refrain.*

2. ALLELUIA!

APOOMEE.

1. We'll praise His name who reigns a - bove, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men! He is a God,—a God of love, Al - le - lu - ia! Amen! We tell His wonders in our song, To Him all praise and power be-long, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

2 His grace and glory we'll proclaim;
Alleluia! Amen!
For worthy is Immanuel's name;
Alleluia! Amen!
To Him who sits upon the throne,
To Him be praise, to Him alone.
Alleluia! Alleluia! &c.

3 We praise Him for the cross He bore;
Alleluia! Amen!
And for the shameful crown He wore;
Alleluia! Amen!
For us He suffered death and shame;
O Lamb of God! we praise thy name!
Alleluia! Alleluia! &c.

4 The angel hosts their chorus raise;
Alleluia! Amen! [praise;
And heaven resounds with songs of
Alleluia! Amen!
On earth we'll sing His praises too,
And then in heaven our songs renew;
Alleluia! Alleluia! &c.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to - day,—Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 As we meet Thy name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes
While we in Thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

4. JUBILATE DEO.

HENRY TUCKER.

1st time. *2d time.*

1. { Oh, be joy-ful, all ye lands! Shout aloud for joy!
{ Take your harps within your hands! [*Omit.* . . . . .] Shout aloud for joy! Serve your Lord with

D. C. Oh, be joy-ful, &c. [*Omit to Coda.*

love and joy, Let no wail of grief annoy, And come before His presence with a song. D.C.

Coda after D. C.

Oh, be joy-ful, shout a-loud for joy, Oh, be joy-ful, shout a-loud for joy.

2 Know ye that the Lord is God!
Praise His holy name!
Know ye that the Lord is God!
Praise His holy name.
For He made us and will keep
Faithful watch o'er all His sheep:
Dear Shepherd of the flock & fold above.

3 Enter in His gates with thanks!
And His courts with praise!
Enter in His gates with thanks!
And His courts with praise.
Poor return our hearts can give
For the blessings we receive;
And ever may our voices sing his praise.

4 O how gracious is the Lord!
Ever good and kind!
Sing His praise with one accord!
Joined in heart and mind.
For His mercy's ever sure,
And His truth will still endure;
O shout aloud for joy of such a God.

Semi-chorus.

1. Oh, we love to raise our sweet songs of praise To Je - sus when - ev - er we meet; And our hearts we bring, while our voic - es ring, To lay at our Saviour's feet. *Refrain.* Praise, praise! O beauti - ful songs of praise! We love to sing of our Saviour King, And fill all the earth with praise.

2 Oh, we go to Him when our faith is dim,
Beseeching the shadows to flee;
And we know His love will each cloud remove,
And brighter the light will be.
Praise, praise, &c.

3 Oh, we'll sing His praise, and we'll trust His grace,
To Him shall all worship be given,
If our love we show in His courts below,
We'll praise Him again in Heaven!
Praise, praise, &c.

6. HILLSDALE.

FANNY CROSBY. E. ROBERTS.

1. { Hark! the cho - ral an - them ringing, Through the blissful courts a - bove; }
{ An - gel voi - ces sweetly singing, [*Omit* ..... } Hal - le - lu - jah,

God is love! To the skies, Earth re - plies, Hal - le - lu - jah, God is love!

2 Children, we may join the chorus,
We may swell the raptured lay,
With the martyrs gone before us
To the shining realms of day;
Happy there,
Free from care,
In the shining realms of day.

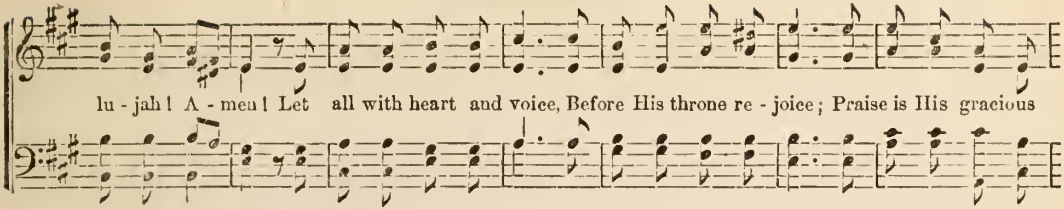
3 While our meek devotion blending,
At the Saviour's feet we fall;
Mercy pleads, her arm extending,
Come to Jesus, one and all,
He is near,
He will hear,
Come to Jesus, one and all.

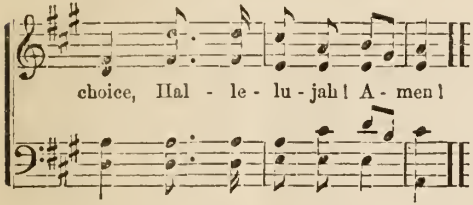
4 Saviour, make us Thine forever,
Children of Thy tender love;
When the ties of earth shall sever,
Bring us to our home above;
There to rest,
Pure and blest,
In our glorious home above.

7. CREIGHTON.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Come, children, join to sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Loud praise to Christ our King, Hal-le -





2.

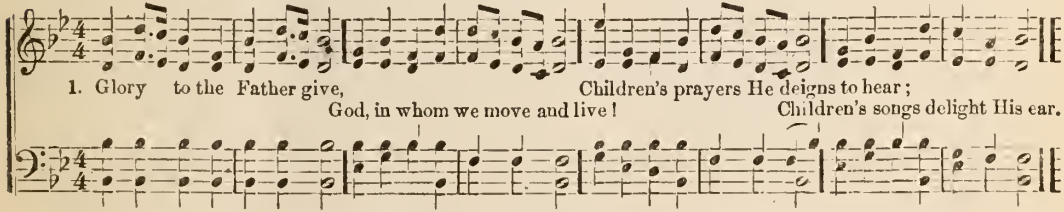
Come, lift your hearts on high,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky,
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our guide and friend;
To us He'll condescend,
His love shall never end,
Hallelujah! Amen!

3.

Praise yet the Lord again,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore,
His goodness we'll adore;
Singing for evermore,
Hallelujah! Amen!

8. WILMOT.

C. M. von Weber.



2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children! raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire.—
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity!
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

9. DEFENCE.

E. Roberts.

1. Come, let us raise A song of praise To Him who rules on high; From hour to hour,
Whose love and power, Can every want sup-

Semi-chorus. *Full chorus.*

ply; The goodness of our God and King, Let all with halle - lujahs sing, Let all with halle - lu - jahs sing.

2 His bounties flow
Where'er we go,
Abound where'er we stay;
From every snare
His gracious care,
Defends by night and day:
The goodness of our God and King
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

3 We're traveling on,
Yet not alone,
Through life's dark wilderness:
Close by our side
A heavenly Guide
Is pledged for our success:
The goodness of our God and King
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

4 Though sorrows, tears,
Though foes and fears
And dangers crowd our road,
Naught can withstand
The powerful hand
That leads us home to God.
The goodness of our God and King,
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

5 Our labor done,
The victory won,
We'll rise to realms above;
To that reward
By grace prepared—
The home of boundless love.
The goodness of our God and King,
Let all with hallelujahs sing.

10. PELTON.

Arranged from PELTON.

1. Hail! Thou al - mighty King, Angels a - dore Thee; Saints, while they sweetly sing, Cast their crowns be-

fore Thee; Gird - ed with strength divine, All power pos - sess - ing, Hon - or and praise are Thine,

Wis - dom, glo - ry, bless - ing; Hon - or and praise are Thine, Wisdom, glo - ry, blessing.

2 Light of eternal truth,
Star of the morning,
May we in early youth,
Heed Thy gentle warning;
Sin is a thorny way,
Clouded with sorrow;
Give me your hearts to-day,
Wait not for the morrow.

3 Jesus, we haste to Thee;
Help our endeavor,
Still at our post to be
Firm and faithful ever;
Now, while our hearts we raise,
Cheerfully blending,
List to the song of praise,
To Thy throne ascending.

4 Hail! Thou almighty King,
Angels adore Thee;
Saints, while they sweetly sing,
Cast their crowns before Thee
Girded with strength divine,
All power possessing,
Honor and praise are Thine,
Wisdom, glory, blessing.

12. TRIUMPH.

D. S. D.

1. Sing to the Lord, and re - joice in His name; Praise Him, ye nations, His wonders proclaim; Jesus hath
2. He, like a Lamb, to the slaughter was led; 'Twas for our sin and transgression He bled; Boundless com-

Chorus.

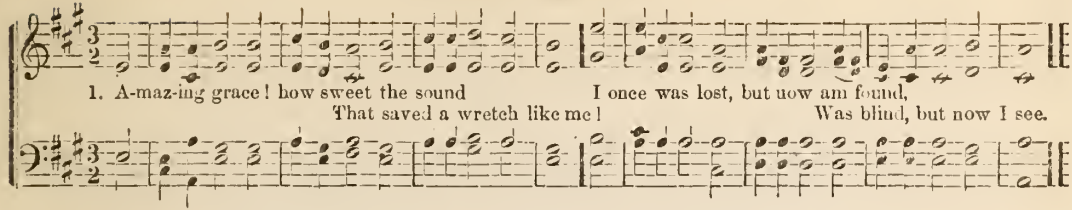
triumphed o'er death and the grave, He is vic - to - rious and migh - ty to save. Ris - en in glo - ry,
pas - sion! O! in - fin-ite love! Swell the loud anthem, ye ransomed a-bove. Ris - en, &c.

ris - en in glo - ry, Je - sus our ran-som di - eth no more, Je - sus our ran-som di-eth no more.

3 Nailed to the cross, when He languished and died,
Bowing His head, "It is finished!" He cried;
Rent were the rocks, when the Saviour was slain,
Torn was the vail of the temple in twain.
Risen in glory, &c.

4 Lo! He has gone, with a shout, to the sky!
Lift up your heads, O, ye portals on high;
Jesus hath triumphed o'er death and the grave,
He is exalted and mighty to save.
Risen in glory, &c.

13. AZMON. C. M.



2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will bring me home.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God, His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

4 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way
That leads to heaven and Thee.

14. Sabbath.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O L rd—descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

15. Invocation.

1 Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this happy throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our grateful morning song.

2 We come to own the power divine,
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.

3 We come to learn Thy holy word,
And ask Thy tender care;
Before Thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

16. Sabbath.

1 Blest day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made Thee to shine,
His rising Thee did raise;
And made Thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

17. O PRAISE THE LORD.

APGOMER.

1. O, praise the Lord, all ye nations; Praise Him, all ye peo - ple. For His merciful kindness is great toward

Slow.

us; and the truth of the Lord en - dureth for - ev - er. Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

18. SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee proclaim; And all that is within me, join To bless His holy name.
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, His mercies bear in mind; Forget not all His bene - fits, Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with His love,
Upholds thee with His truth;
And, like the eagles, He renews
The vigor of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, His love, proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless His holy name.

1. Je - sus, we love to meet On this Thy ho - ly day. We worship round Thy seat On this Thy ho - ly day. Thou ten - der, heavenly Friend, To Thee our prayers ascend; O'er our young spirits bend On this Thy ho - ly day.

2 We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day.
In silent awe we bow
On this Thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought
On this Thy holy day.

3 We listen to Thy word
On this Thy holy day.
Bless all that we have heard
On this Thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this Thy holy day.

20. Day of Rest.

Tune "Shirland."

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

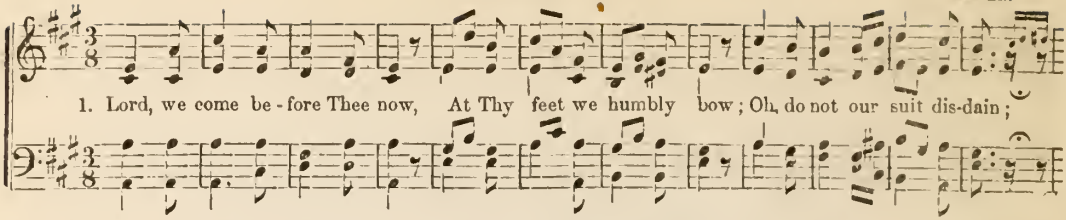
2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where my dear Lord has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till called to rise and soar away
To everlasting bliss.

21. HORTON. 7s.

GERMAN.



2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with heavenly grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee,—here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy [word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

22. Praise.

1 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be Thy glorious name adored!
Lord, Thy mercies never fail!
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

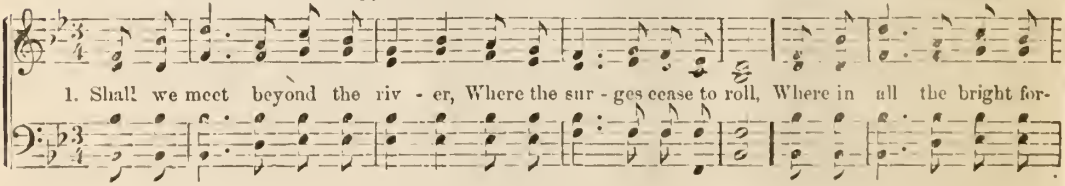
2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way,
Till we come to dwell with Thee,
Till we all Thy glory see.

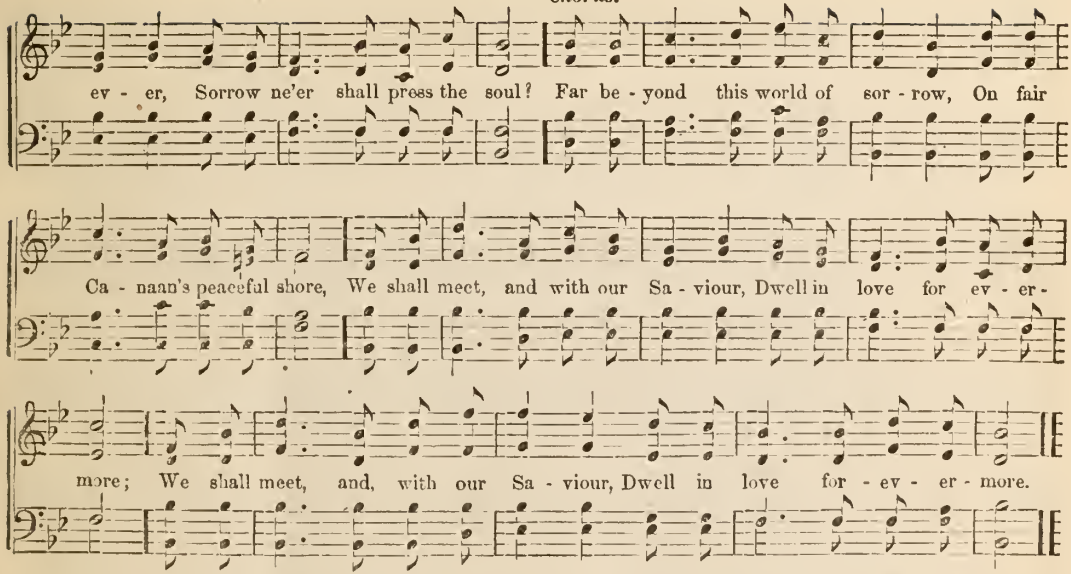
4 Then with angel-harps again
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

23. THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

E. ROBERTS.



Chorus.



2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet, and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?—*Cho.*

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?—*Cho.*

4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?—*Cho.*

5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And behold Him on His throne?—*Cho.*

24. SABBATH EVENING.

1. An - oth - er day of sacred rest, Has fad - ed in the golden west; Its scenes are past, its du-ties
2. The joys that crown this sacred day, Earth can-not give, nor take a -way; Oh, let us turn our thoughts with-

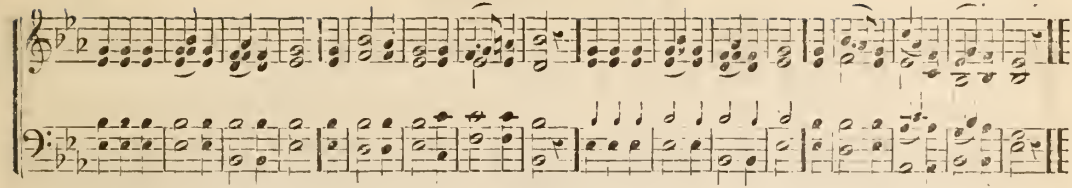
Chorus.

done, Its smiles depart-ed one by one. Thou gracious God, whose watchful eye Beholds Thy children
in, And ask if we have faithful been. Thou gracious God, &c.

from the sky, To Thee may guardian an-gels bear Our grate - ful hymn, our eve - ning prayer.

3 We thank Thee for a throne of grace,
Where we may early seek Thy face;
We bless Thee for the light of truth
To guide the wayward steps of youth.—*Cho.*

4 And when this mortal life is o'er,
Oh, may we meet to part no more;
And hail, with all the pure and blest,
A Sabbath of eternal rest.—*Cho.*



25. Evening Song.

1 Great God! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

26. Closing Day.

1 Another fleeting day is gone;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle vails the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone;
In solemn silence rest, my soul!
Bow down before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

3 Soon shall a darker night descend,
And vail from me yon azure skies;
And soon shall death's oppressive hand
Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

4 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade,
I lay my weary frame to rest,
That night shall not make me afraid;
That bed the dying Saviour pressed.

5 Again emerging from the night,
I, like my risen Lord, shall rise;
Again drink in the morning light,
Pure at its fount above the skies.

27. Protection.

1 Ere to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard—
The lessons of Thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 Oh, may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

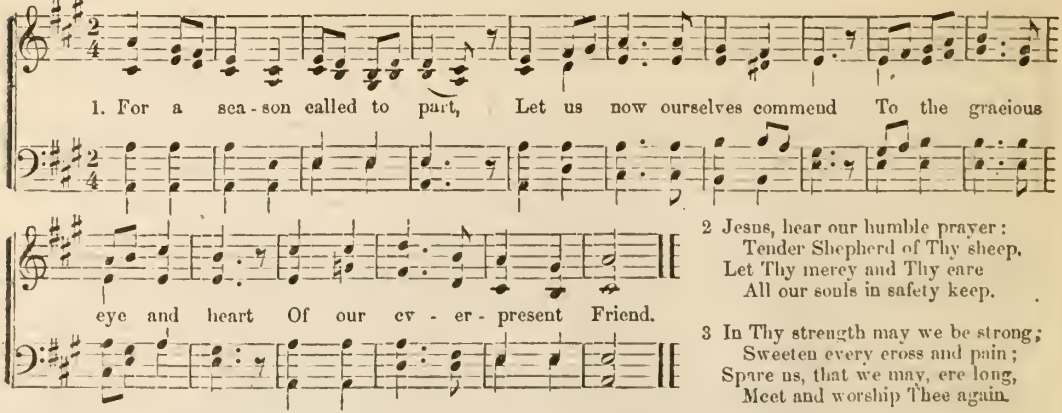
28. Dismission.

1 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon Thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

29. CONFIDENCE.

D. S. D.



2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Spare us, that we may, ere long,
Meet and worship Thee again.

30. Evening Hymn.

1 Softly, now, the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Now from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

4 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee

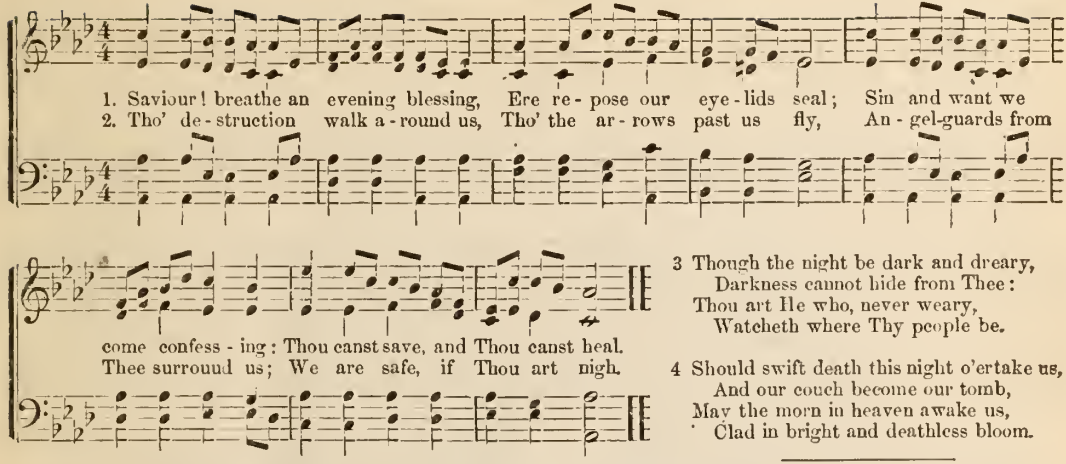
31. Thanks for mercies.

1 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But Thou canst and wi t forgive;
By Thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.



3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee:
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watcheth where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

---

33. "Abide with us."

1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me thro' the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast;
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

34. Protection.

1 Watch us, O Thou blessed Saviour,
As we leave our "Sabbath home;"
Guide and keep us from all danger,
Till again we hither come.

2 Though we very often wander
In the paths of vice and sin,
Yet we pray that Thou wouldst hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.

3 Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."

4 Thus we'd serve Thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
And with each lov'd friend and teacher,
All are gather'd home to Thee.

35. EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great merey is com - ing so nigh?
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay Your hearts may grow better by stay - ing a - way!

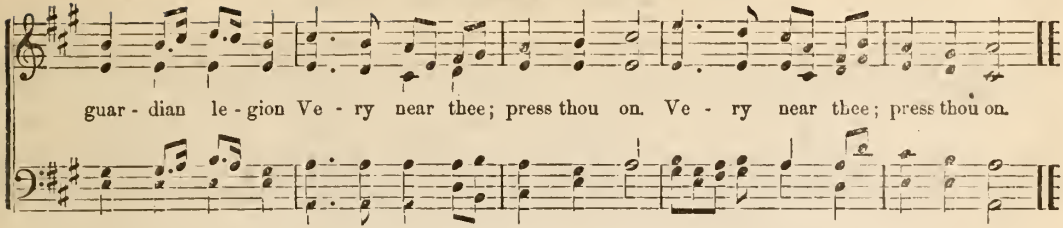
Now Je - sus in-vites you, the Spir - it says, Come. And an - gels are waiting to welcome you home.
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, While streams of sal-va-tion are flow-ing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive:
Oh, how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

36. ONWARD. 8s & 7s.

1. Onward, Christian, though the re - gion Where thou art be drear and lone; God has set a



2 Listen, Christian, their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee; "God is love."
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh! no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done."

37. Praise.

1 Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise to Thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine!

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise Him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

38. Praise to Christ.

1 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.

2 Did archangels sing Thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

39. Praise to Christ.

1 Crown His head with endless blessing
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassion never ceasing,
Comes, salvation to proclaim.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee—
Thee our Saviour—Thee, our God;
From Thy throne let beams of glory
Shine thro' all the world abroad.

3 Jesus! Thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round Thy throne.

40. WE'LL STAND THE STORM.

E. ROBERTS.

1. How brave-ly sails the gal - lant ship, And thro' the tempest rides! Her wings of can - vas

Chorus.

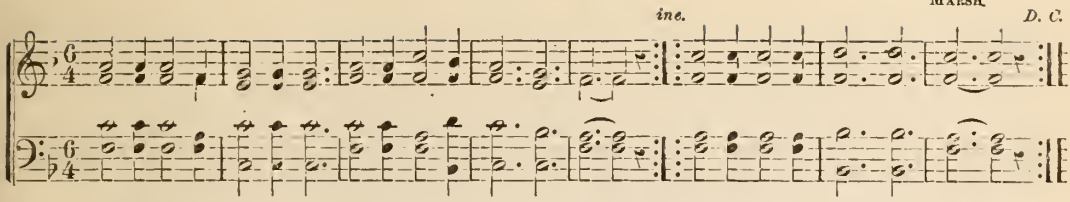
all outspread, And like a bird she flies. We'll stand the storm, 'twill not be long, We'll

anchor by - and - by, We'll stand the storm, 'twill not be long, We'll an - chor by - and - by.

2 By rudest gales, and roughest waves,
Still onward she is driven;
And fears no danger while she finds
They're bearing her to heaven.
We'll stand, &c.

3 The Christian sails a stormy sea,
By angry billows tossed;
With Jesus ever in command,
He knows he'll not be lost.
We'll stand, &c.

4 We'll trust Him when the days are dark,
And when the tempests roar;
For He will guide our vessels safe
To yonder blissful shore!
We'll stand, &c.



41. His Welcome Voice.

1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone;
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrow quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now He bids her heart rejoice:
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

42. Invitation.

1 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt in full belief shall die,
Pain in endless bliss expire.

43. Warning.

1 Hasten, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

2 Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
Hasten, sinner! to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

44. FREELAND.

D. S. D.

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-though the way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less: Guide us by Thy hand To our Father - land, To our Father - land.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go!

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring:
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

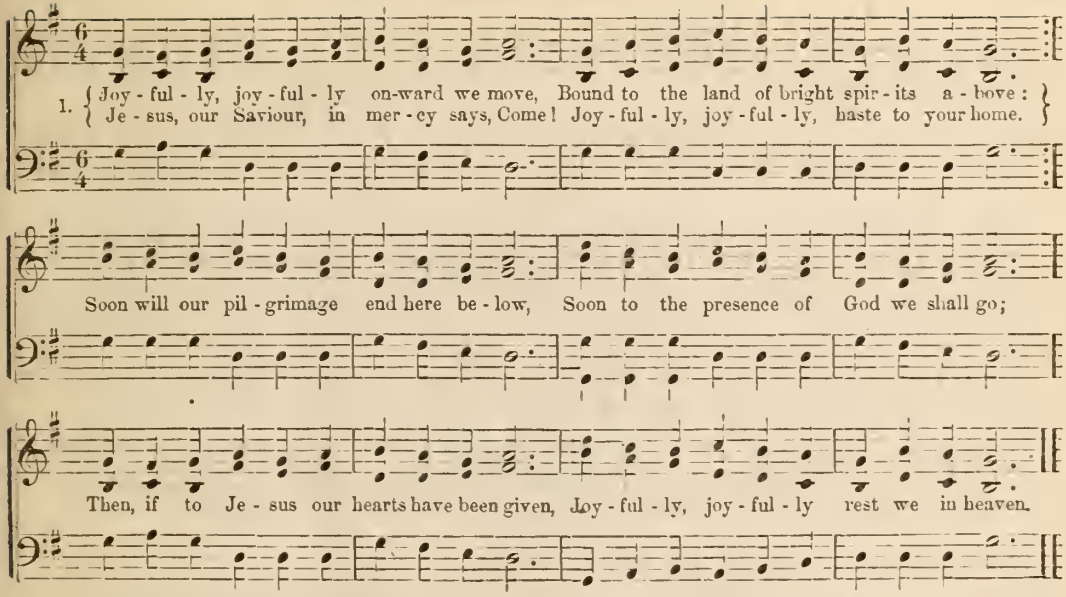
4 Jesus still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

45. TRIUMPH.

Tune.—"Joyfully.

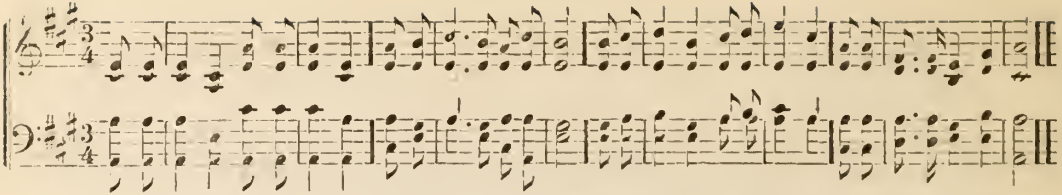
1 Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory! victory! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

2 How can we wish them recalled from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified body arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come.



2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before;
Waiting they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing, to cheer us while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome:
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3 Death, with his arrow, may soon lay us low—
Safe in our Saviour, we feel not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.



47. Consecration.

1 I would love Thee, God and Father;
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love Thee; for without Thee,
Life is but a bitter thing

2 I would love Thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out Thy throne:
I would love Thee—he who loves
Never feels himself alone. [Thee

3 I would love Thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with Thine eye:
I would love Thee; if not nourished
By Thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love Thee; may Thy bright-
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes! [ness
I would love Thee; may Thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5 I would love Thee, I have vowed it;
On Thy love my heart is set:
While I love Thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

48. Goodness of God.

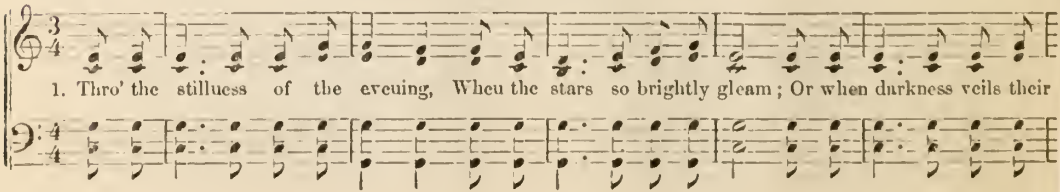
1 God is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

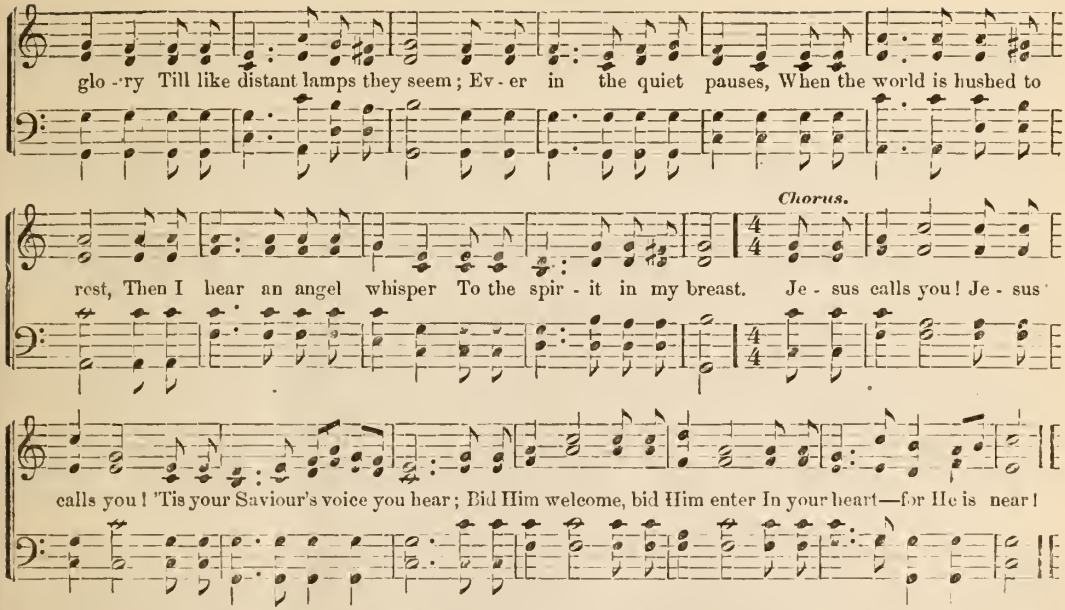
2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move:
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **49. JESUS CALLS YOU.** D. S. D.

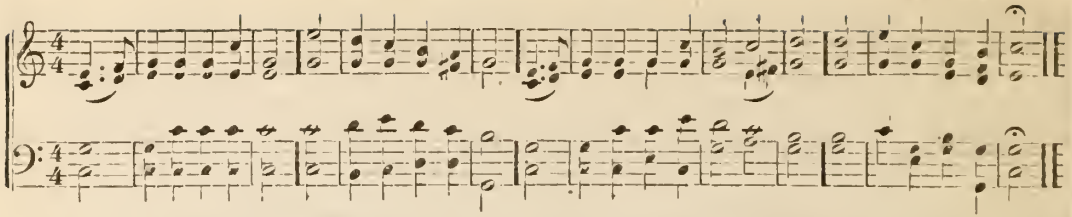




2 When the morning light is glancing
All along the eastern hills,
And the music, sweet, and holy,
Ever heart with rapture thrills;
Ever in the solemn pauses,
Of the wondrous melody,
Comes a voice of strangest beauty
Calling, calling unto me.—*Cho.*

3 When the noontide glory, flaming,
Casts a brightness o'er my way,
And the past is all forgotten
In the splendor of to-day;
Then my soul the world forgetting
For a moment, turns to hear
What that heavenly voice is whisp'-
Ever whisp'ring to my ear. [ring,

4 Saviour, fill me with Thy presence;
Fill my soul with grateful love;
May my voice, in praise ascending,
Reach unto Thy throne above.
Still may morn and evening find me
Hearkening to Thy voice, so sweet;
May it bring me, and detain me
Like a suppliant at Thy feet.—*Cho.*



50. Watchfulness.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

51. Activity.

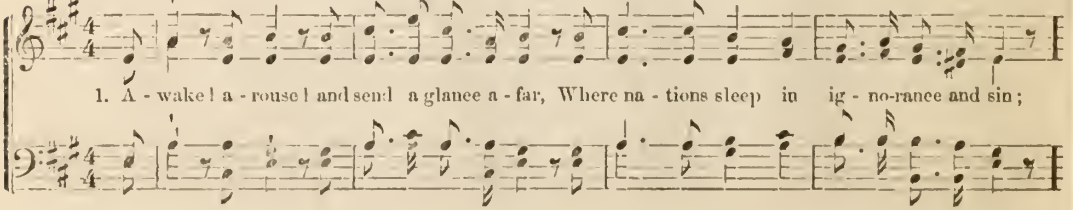
1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

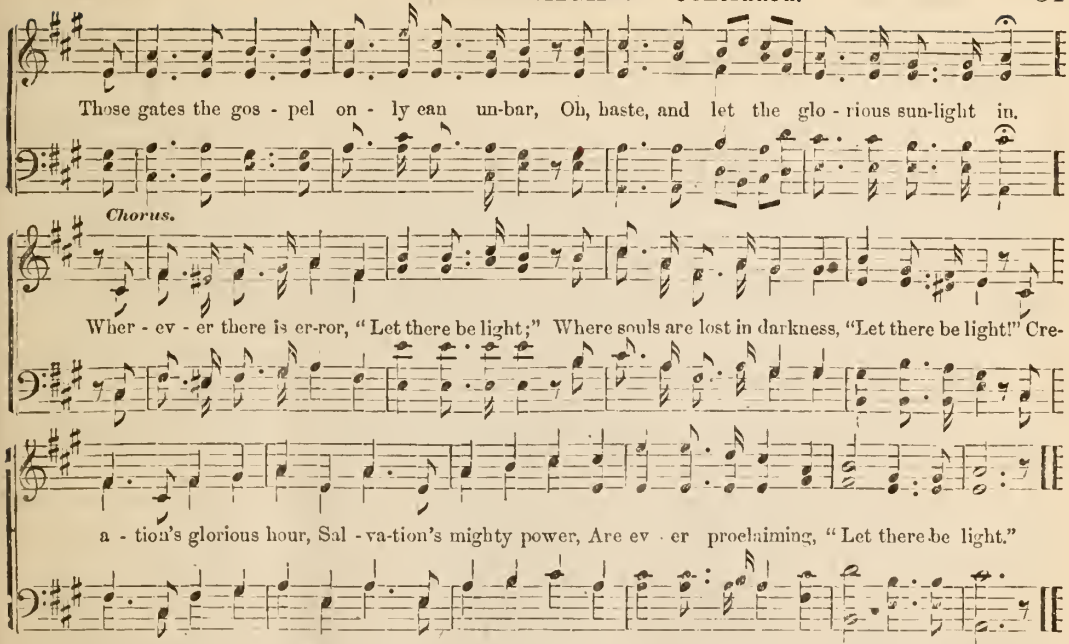
2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away!—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. 52. "LET THERE BE LIGHT." D. S. D.





2 Go forth! go forth! upheld by faith and prayer;
For He who sends, will needful aid provide;
To those who perish, swiftly, swiftly bear
The lamp that shows a Saviour crucified! *Cho.*

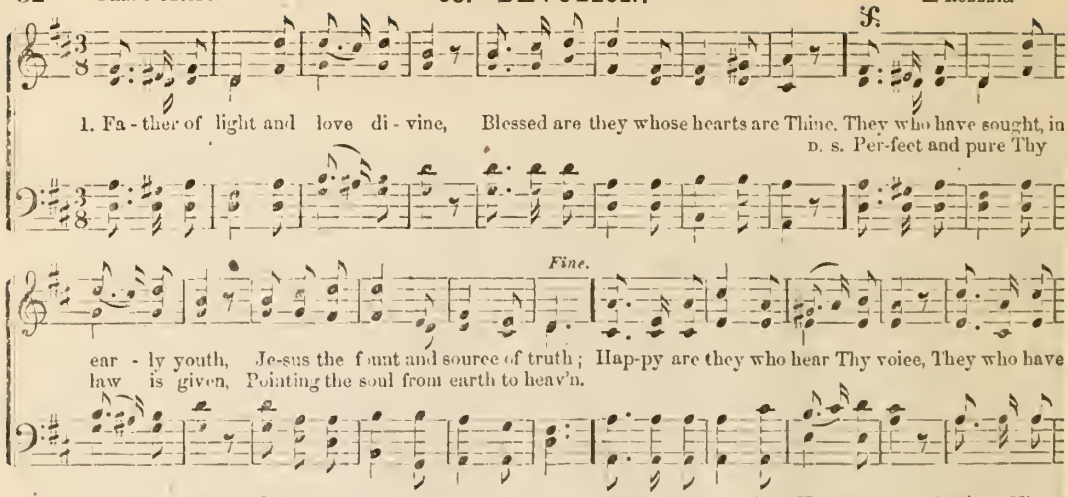
3 Oh! break the chains that closely press around,
And bind the soul in endless slavery;
Till all the world, rejoicing at the sound,
Proclaims the blessed watchword of the free. *Cho.*

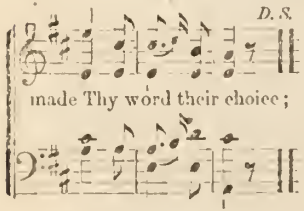
4 No more, no more, may Satan thus degrade
The soul, that God created white and pure;
But may the light of heaven lift the shade,
And heal the woe that Christ alone can cure. *Cho.*

5 Then, go ye forth wherever heathen dwell,
And lead them out of degradation's night;
Of Christ their Saviour, ever, ever tell.
For still He says to all, "Let there be light!" *Cho.*

53. DEVOTION.

E. ROBERTS.





1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside.

2 Humble and meek, we come to Thee,
Jesus, Thy lambs, we long to be;
Teach us to pray, our sins forgive;
Tenderly guide us while we live;
Cheerfully, Lord, the cross we bear,
Sheltered beneath Thy watchful care;
Joyfully still our way pursue,
Keeping the star of hope in view.

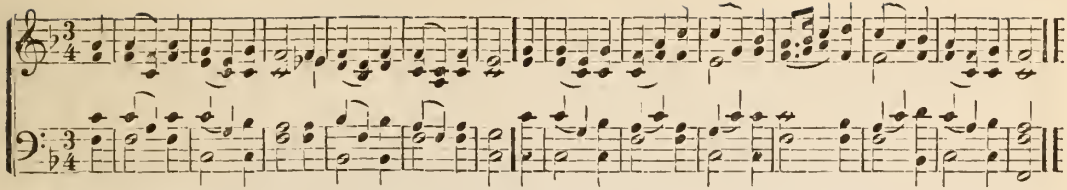
3 Precious Thy name, our Saviour King,
Grateful to Thee, our all we bring;
Help us to love Thee more and more,
Serving Thee here, till life is o'er;
Faithful and just are all Thy ways;
Mercy and goodness crown our days;
Over the waves of life's dark sea,
Bring us, at last, to dwell with Thee.

54. God our Shepherd.

Tune, "Dennis."

1 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

2 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.



4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

55. Mercy-seat.

1 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauties of His face,
And sheds His love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To Him our prayers and cries
Our humble souls present;
He listens to our broken sighs,
And grants us every want.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within Thy blest abode,
Among the children of Thy grace,
The servants of my God.

56. One in Christ.

1 Dear Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would re-
Entirely to Thy hands. [sign

2 To Thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee, our Head;
Shall form us to Thy image bright,
And teach Thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay:
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

57. Faith.

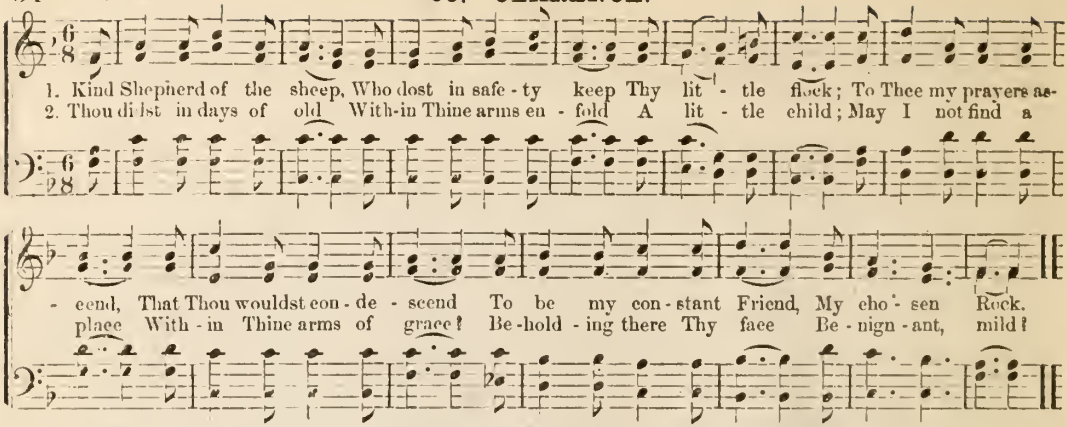
1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust;
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

58. CLARENCE.



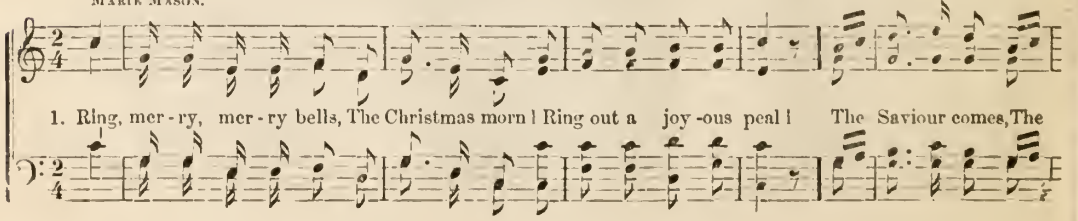
3 When dangers multiply,
If to Thy side I fly,
By love inclined,
From sin's destructive charms,
From Satan's fierce alarms,
Protection in Thine arms
May I not find!

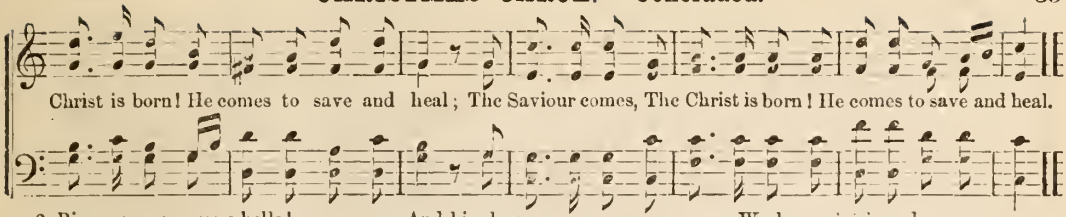
4 Ah, yes, Thou dost extend,
Alike to foe and friend,
A gracious plea;
To all beneath the sky,
Thou dost in mercy cry,
"Ho, every one! draw nigh!
'Come unto me!'"

5 Shepherd divine, by Thee
Protected I must be,
While here I roam;
When here I cease to rove,
Extend Thine arms of love
To bear my soul above
To Thy blest home!

59. CHRISTMAS CAROL. No. 1.

Marie Mason.





2 Ring, merry, merry bells!
O'er all the land,
By hall and cottage fires—
Let every home
And household band,
Hear music from your spires.

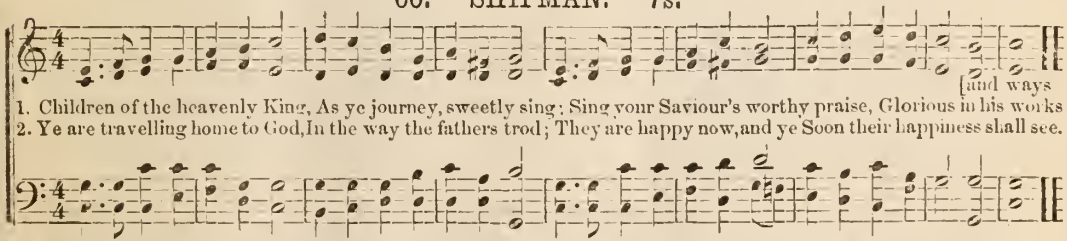
3 Ring, merry, merry bells!
There cometh here
The wondrous Truth, at last,
By ancient king
And kingly seer,
So longed for, ages past!

4 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Let hill and vale,
Through all the festal day—
In notes of joy
Repeat the tale
Of Christ, the Living Way!

5 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Our heavy load
We lay, rejoicing, down;
For by His cross
We gain the road
To our eternal crown.

6 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Your carols pour,—
Nor let your gladness cease:
The Wonderful!
The Counsellor!
The mighty Prince of Peace!

60. SHIPMAN. 7s. *



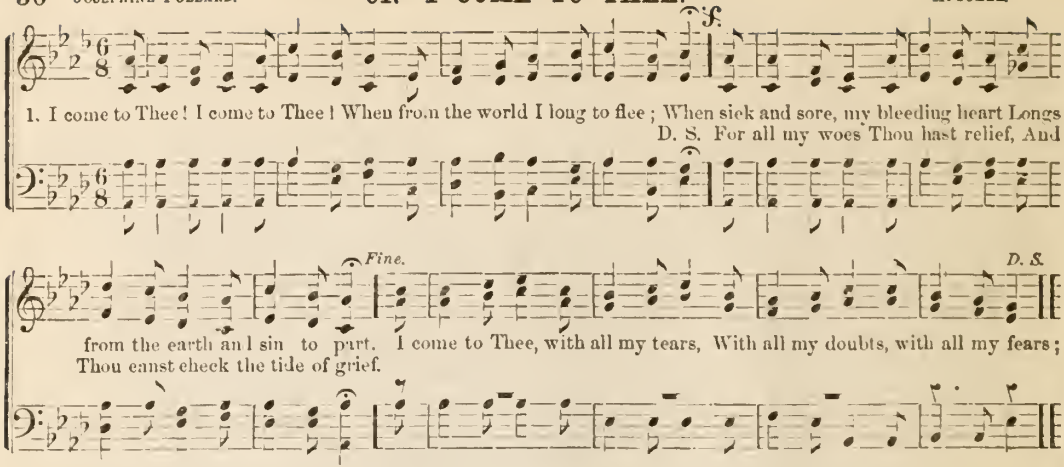
3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

61. I COME TO THEE.

APGOMER.



2 I come to Thee, with thankful heart,
For Thou, of good, the giver art;
In bliss or woe, in joy or pain,
Some token of Thy love I gain:
When dark the clouds, I still can trace
The outline of my Saviour's face;
And when my feet in peril stand,
I feel Thy strong, supporting hand.

3 I come to Thee! I come to Thee!
With lowly heart, and bended knee;
Dear Saviour! fill Thy child with love!
And fit me for a home above!
For strength, for grace, for courage too,
For all I need to help me through,
With lowly heart, and bended knee,
I come to Thee! I come to Thee!

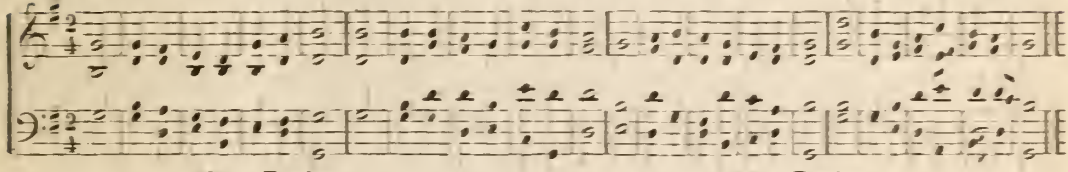
62. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This vile of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.



63. Praise.

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice,
Before the Lord, your sovereign King:
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues His glory sing.

2 The Lord is God: 'tis He alone,
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are His work, and not our own;
The sheep that on His pastures live.

3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

64. Praise.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Dox. 1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven!

AMY ARNOTT.

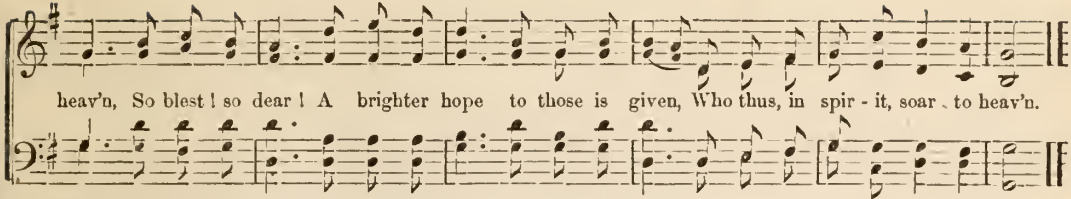
65. SWEET THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

1. I have sweet thoughts of heav-en That cheer me all the day, As through the clouds and

darkness, I take my toilsome way: I think of all the dear ones Who saint - ly glo - ry

Chorus.

share; And heav'n, I know, is bright-er For all the loved ones there. Sweet thoughts of



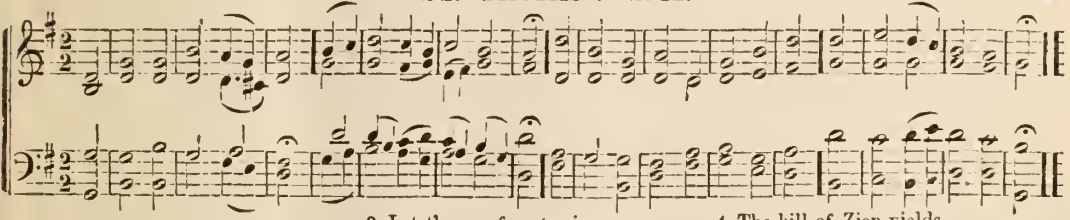
2 I have sweet thoughts of heaven,
That fill my soul with joy,
When earthly trials gather,
And earthly cares annoy:—
I think of that bright dwelling,
That home of perfect rest,
Where angel choirs are singing,
The chorus of the blest. *Cho.*

3 I have sweet thoughts of heaven,
That keep me from despair,
When life, with all its burdens,
Seems more than I can bear:—
I think of Him, my Saviour,
Who suffered pain and loss;
Through Him I gain salvation,
For Him I'll bear the cross. *Cho.*

4 I have sweet thoughts of heaven,—
Of bliss, and peace and rest;
A loving angel-presence,
That calms my troubled breast.—
They cheer me when I'm lonely,
They comfort me when sad;
Sweet thoughts of heaven!—ye only
Can make my spirit glad. *Cho.*

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAMS.



66. Praise.

1 Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

67. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

WEBBE

Trio.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, where'er ye languish, Come, at the shrine of God, fer-vent - ly kneel.

Chorus.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an guish, Earth has no sor-row, that Heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

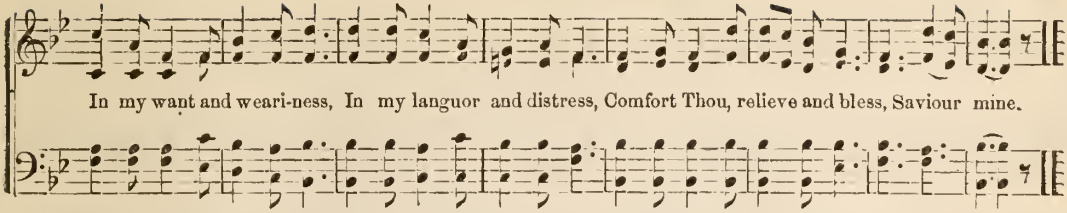
3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever-knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

68. CONSECRATION.

W. R. H.

D. S. D.

1. Low-ly at Thy feet I lie, Sav - iour mine, Thou, who for my sin didst die, Sav iour mine;



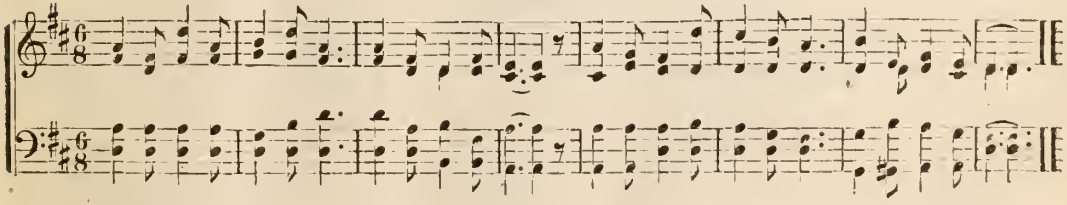
2 When beneath Thy thorny crown,
Saviour mine,
Dropped the life-blood, precious,
Saviour mine, [down,
Bearing on th' accursed tree
Shame and bitterest agony,
Was such love, such grief for me,
Saviour mine?

3 Yes, on Thee my guilt was laid,
Saviour mine;
Thou my ransom-price hast paid,
Saviour mine;
Thou dost triumph o'er the tomb,
Burst its bars and quench its gloom;
Risen with Thee, to Thee I come,
Saviour mine!

4 In Thy faithfulness I'll rest,
Saviour mine;
Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Saviour mine;
Though afar my joys remove,
Weak my faith, and cold my love;
But the more Thy grace I'll prove,
Saviour mine.

69. SUBMISSION.

H. N. Whitney.



1 Come to Jesus little one;
Come to Jesus now;
Humbly at His gracious throne,
In submission, bow

2 At His feet confess your sin;
Seek forgiveness there;
For His blood can make you clean,—
He will hear your prayer.

3 Seek His face without delay;
Give Him now your heart;
Tarry not, but, while you may,
Choose the better part.

70. A BRIGHTER CROWN.

H. MILLARD.

1. I en - vy not the re - gal state—The power that kings command, I care not to be

Chorus.

rich or great. In this unqui - et land. Oh! there's a brighter crown! Oh! there's a brighter crown!

I long, I long to wear That bright and starry crown!

2 I covet not the golden store
My neighbors may possess;
My treasure's on the other shore,
Secured by righteousness.—*Cho.*

3 What recompence for all our woe!
What proof of Jesus' love!
I'll bear His cross while here below,
And wear His crown above.—*Cho.*

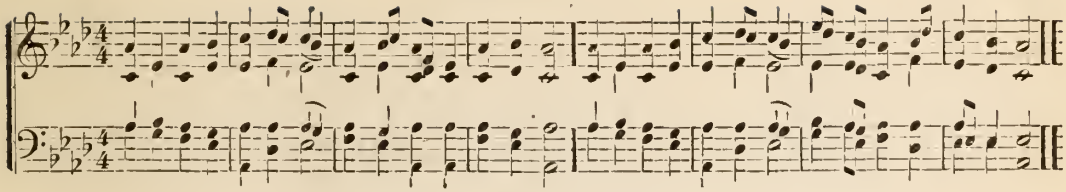
71. Invitation.

Tune, "Llewellyn."

1 Hear ye not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
"Children, come!" it seems to say,
"Give your hearts to me to-day."

2 Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms;
Thus it wins us to His arms.

3 Lord, may we remember Thee,
While from pain and sorrow free;
While our day is in it's dew,
And the clouds of life are few.



4 Then when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear;
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

5 Now to Thee, O Lord, we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us Thy grace divine;
Touch our hearts and make them Thine

72.

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine!
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,—
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord! forever Thine.

73. Throne of Grace.

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present every where.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present every where.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To Thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present every where.

74. Sin bewailed.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He that bids us humbly pray
Sends us not unbless'd away.

2 With my burden I begin;—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

75. PATIENCE. *

1. Every day hath toil and trouble, Every heart hath care; Meekly bear thine own full measure And thy brother's share.

Fear not, shrink not, tho' the burden Heavy to thee prove; God shall fill thy mouth with gladness And thy heart with love.

2 Patiently enduring ever
Let thy spirit be,
Bound by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.
Labor, wait; thy Master perish'd
Ere His task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments,
Life has but begun.

3 Labor, wait: though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear.
Wait in hope: the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

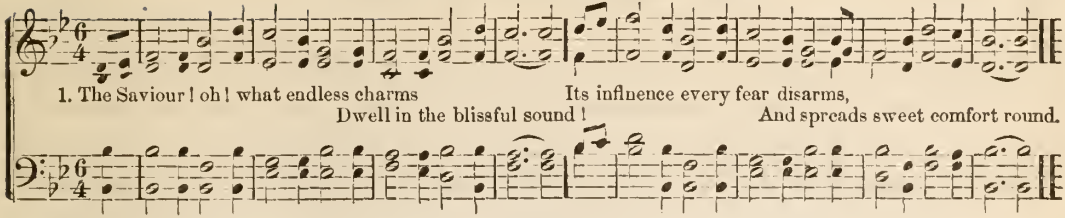
76. The Cross.

Tune.—"Cross and Crown."

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me.



2 Here pardon, life and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

---

78. Nearness to God.

1 O could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when death, my frame dissolves in
My soul shall love Thee more.

79. True wisdom.

1 Oh, happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she hath treasures greater far
Than east and west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

80. Entreaty.

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thy earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek Him while He's near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be Thine,
Devoted to Thy fear.

81. "THY WILL BE DONE."

D. S. D.

1. Lo! Abram, warned of old, To leave his native land, Went out, by faith, and only knew He followed God's com-
- mand; When called in aft - er years, To yield his on - ly son,— O - be -dient still his faith replied, "Thy
will not mine be done."

2 "Thy will not mine be done,"
Our dear Redeemer prayed,
When on His pure and guiltless head,
The sins of man were laid;
"Thy will not mine be done;"
That heart, how truly blessed,
Who feels, though robbed of earthly joys,
My Father knows the best.

3 "Thy will not mine be done,"
Is this our earnest prayer?
Can we, in faith and Christian love,
Our every trial bear?
Though oft the sweetest flower
The sharpest thorns conceal;
Our Father never chides in wrath,
Nor wounds us but to heal.

82. Faith in Trouble.

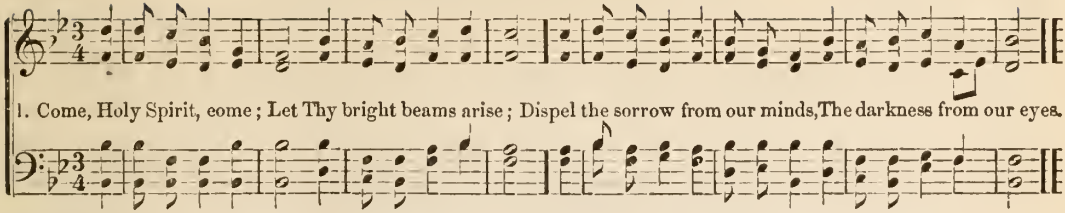
Tune, "State Street."

1 If, through unruffled seas,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll owe the favoring gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.



2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

84. The Day of Rest.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring,

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

85. "Sinner, come."

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait Thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

86. Jesus invites.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen when they cry,
Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer,
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

87. "HE FEEDETH HIS FLOCK."

APGOMER.

1. "He feed - eth His flock like a Shep - herd;" The weak, by His mer - cy are strong;

He com - forts the hearts in af - flic - tion, Their wail - ing He chang - es to song;
D. S. And says, while he pit - ies the mourn - er, "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."

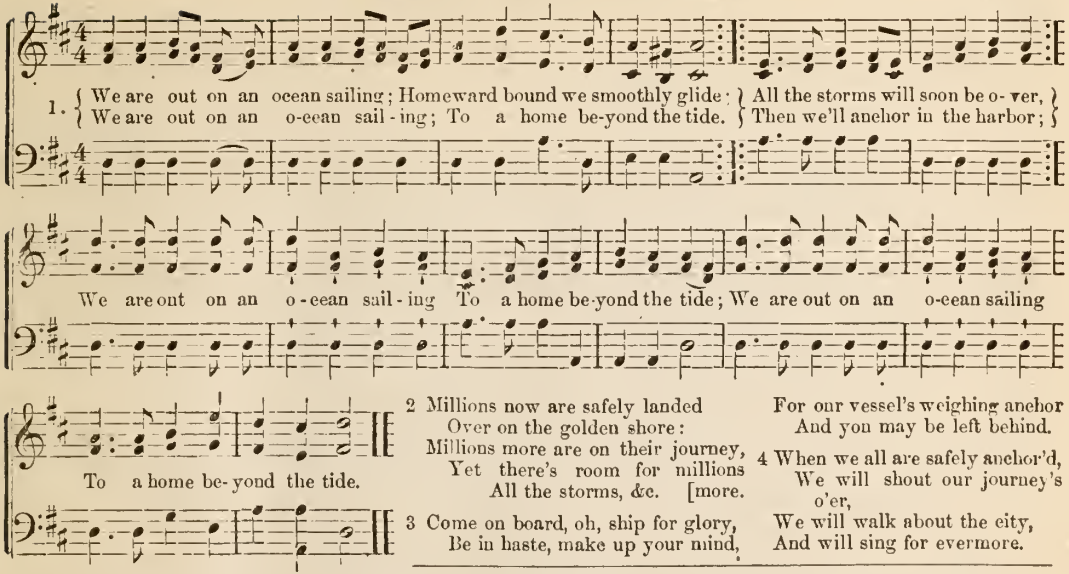
Fine.

D. S.

He bends with an eye of com - pas - sion, What - ev - er our tri - als may be,

2 "He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd,"
And succors the poor and oppressed;
The lambs, in His arms, He will gather,
And carry them safe on His breast:
With clouds of temptation around us,
Whatever the conflict may be,
He whispers to each, in His goodness,
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

3 "He feedeth His flock like a Shepherd,"
And giveth the weary repose;
"He leads them, beside the still waters,"
Where pleasure eternally flows;
His banner of love will defend us,
Whatever the danger may be,
We know, for His word has declared it,
"My grace is sufficient for thee."



2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore:
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms, &c.

3 Come on board, oh, ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor
And you may be left behind.

4 When we all are safely anchor'd,
We will shout our journey's o'er,
We will walk about the city,
And will sing for evermore.

89. Heaven.

1 This is not my place of resting,—
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.
Farewell, then, all earthly treasures,
Farewell, all its empty pleasures;
Onward, onward, we are pressing,
Onward to our heavenly home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, hath passed away.
Farewell, then, &c.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pasture feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.
Farewell, then, &c.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!
Farewell, then, &c.

90. AUTUMN. 8s & 7s.

1. Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears, Thro' the changes Thou'st de-
D. S. Let Thy goodness nev-er

Fine. D. S.

creed us, Till our last great change appears: When temptation's darts assail us, When in devious paths we stray,
fail us, Lead us in Thy perfect way,

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on Thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

91. Protection.

1 Holy Father, Thou hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone·
Year by year, Thy hand hath brought
On thro' dangers oft unknown. [me
When I wandered, Thou hast found
When I doubted, sent me light [me,
Still Thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in Thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come believing
Thou canst give the power I need:
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving,
Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.

3 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm:
Follow wholly Thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to Thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

92. Consecration.

1 Take my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all Thine own:
Let Thy spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to Thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven:
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path to heaven.

93. DENVER. *

1 Pilgrim to Canaan's land, Trust in the Lord; Hear thou the great command, Trust in the Lord;

Lo! He has kind-ly sai-d, Tru-ly thou shalt be fed; Trust for thy dai-ly bread, Trust in the Lord.

2 Pilgrim, when doubts are thine,
Trust in the Lord;
Praying for strength divine,
Trust in the Lord;
He is thy faithful guide,
Close to His bleeding side,
Still in His love abide,
Trust in the Lord.

3 Cast all thy fears away,
Trust in the Lord;
Look for a brighter day,
Trust in the Lord;
Life is a troubled sea,
Dark though its waves may be,
There is a calm for thee,
Trust in the Lord.

4 Soon will thy work be done,
Trust in the Lord;
Soon will thy crown be won,
Trust in the Lord;
Though earthly joys are fled,
Though every hope is dead,
Lift up thy drooping head,
Trust in the Lord.

94. ORIENT KINGS.

E. Roberts.

1. We three kings of O - ri ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra-verse a - far; Field and fountain,
2. Born a King on Beth - le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a - gain, King for ev - er,

Chorus.

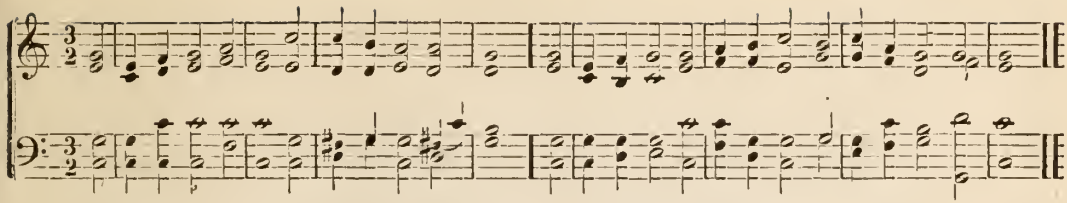
Moor and mountain, Fol-low - ing yon - der Star. O, Star of won-der, Star of night,
Ceas - ing nev - er O - ver us all to reign. O, Star of won-der, &c.

Star with roy-al beau - ty bright; Westward leading, Still proceed-ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him God on high.—*Cho.*

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.—*Cho.*

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God, and Sacrifice;
Heav'n singing
Hallelujah;
Joyous the earth replies.—*Cho.*



95. Seeking Christ.

1 Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stay!

3 What worldly tie must break?
What idol yet depart,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.

5 Oh! break the fatal chain,
And all my bonds remove;
Nor let one bosom-sin remain,
To keep me from Thy love.

96. Ingratitude.

1 Is this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,—
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn turn us, mighty God!
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace! these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

97. Coming to Christ.

1 Lord, I would come to Thee,
A sinner all defiled;
Oh, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as Thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin
And feel a Saviour's love:
Thy blood can make my spirit clean:
Oh, write my name above!

98. Self-examination.

1 Astonished and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear!

3 Almighty King of saints!
These hateful sins subdue,
Dispel the darkness from my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done,—my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,—
My lips pronounce Thy praise.

99. NO NIGHT IS THERE.

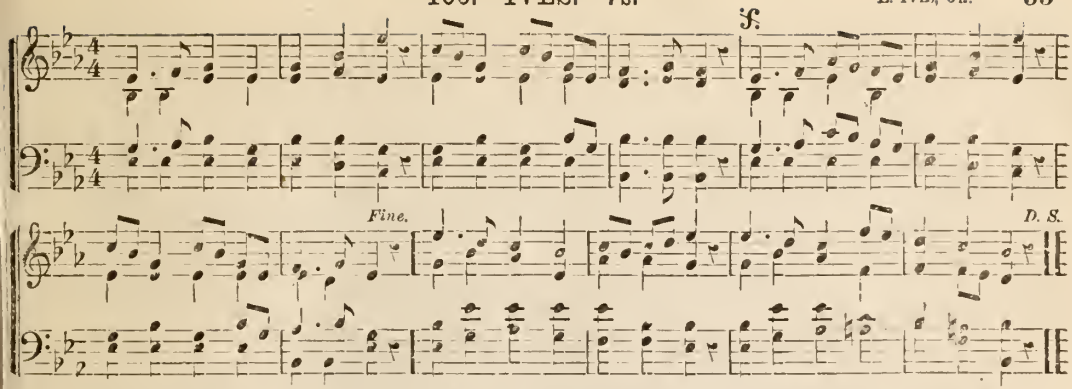
E. ROBERTS.

1. Christian, is thy soul pro - gress - ing? Are thy hopes of glo - ry bright? Canst thou see the hill of Zi - on, Beaming with ce - les - tial light? Comes the mingled song of an - gels, Wafted on the fragrant air? What a prospect lies be - fore thee! God has said, "No night is there."

2 Life's pure river, clear as crystal,
Glides along that radiant shore,
From thy Father's throne proceeding,
Thou shalt drink and thirst no more;
Trees that never loose their verdure,
Flowers that still their beauty wear,
On its quiet banks are blooming;
God has said, "No night is there."

3 Hark! the Bride and Spirit call thee
Upward to the realms of day!
No more sorrow, no more crying,
God shall wipe all tears away!
Dost thou sometimes walk in darkness?
Is thy burden hard to bear?
Struggle on a little longer;
God has said, "No night is there."

100. IVES. 7s.



1 Who are these in bright array?
This immerable throng,
Round the altar night and day
Hymning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion, every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His eternal Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

---

101. The Heavenly Host.

1 Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conqu'rors they.
Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through His cross alone.

2 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom—it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"
Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

3 Who are these?—on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt and fear and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

102. MISSION SONG.

E. Roberts.

Fine.

1. By friend and faithful teachers, While we are taught to pray, To sing of homes in glory, And love this holy day,

Chorus. Oh, send the precious Bible, And spread the truth abroad, That all may learn of Jesus, Beloved Son of God.

D. C.

How many souls, in darkness, Are scattered o'er our land, Who never think of Jesus, Or learn His great command?

2 How sweet the precious promise,
That all who will believe
And meekly trust in Jesus,
His pardon shall receive;
Then waft the joyful tidings,
Along our native shore,
Till East and West shall praise Him,
And North and South adore.
Cho.—Oh, send, &c.

3 Salvation, freely offered;
The gospel's earnest call
Has no respect of persons,
The Saviour died for all;
Around one common altar
Will Christian love unite
The hearts of every nation,
The black man and the white.
Cho.—Oh, send, &c.

4 The glorious time is coming,
When all His love shall sing;
And o'er our happy country,
The Saviour's name shall ring:
Then let us all be fervent,
And labor while we may,
To help the cause of Jesus,
And always watch and pray.
Cho.—Oh, send, &c.

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103. Triumphant Song.

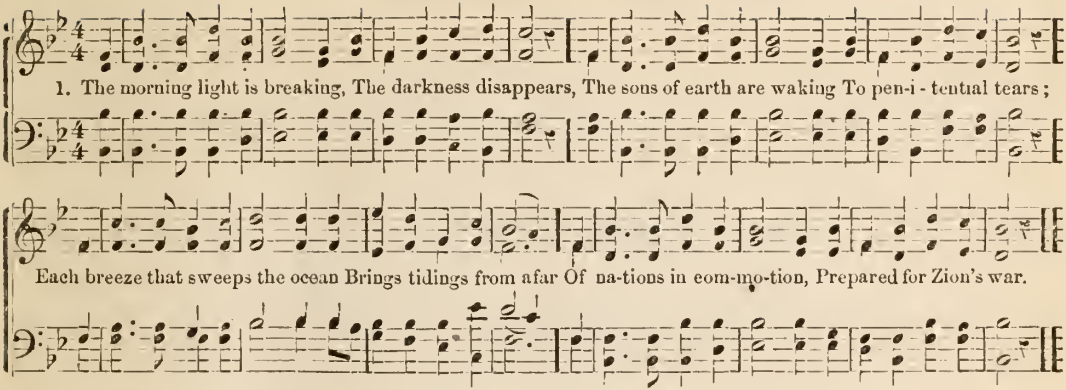
Tune. "Webb."

1.

When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2.

Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.



2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude and love;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

105. Heavenly Love.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been
My hope I can not measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

106. THE FIRE AND CLOUD.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. We're marching thro' a wil - der-ness; Marching, marching; We're marching thro' a wilderness, Be - set on ev - ery side; We are but a pil - grim-band, Marching toward the promised land,

Chorus.

Ev - ery foe we can withstand With Je sus for our guide. No fears disturb us as we go, Nor fill us with dis - may; For He is a pil-lar of fire each night, A pil-lar of cloud each day.

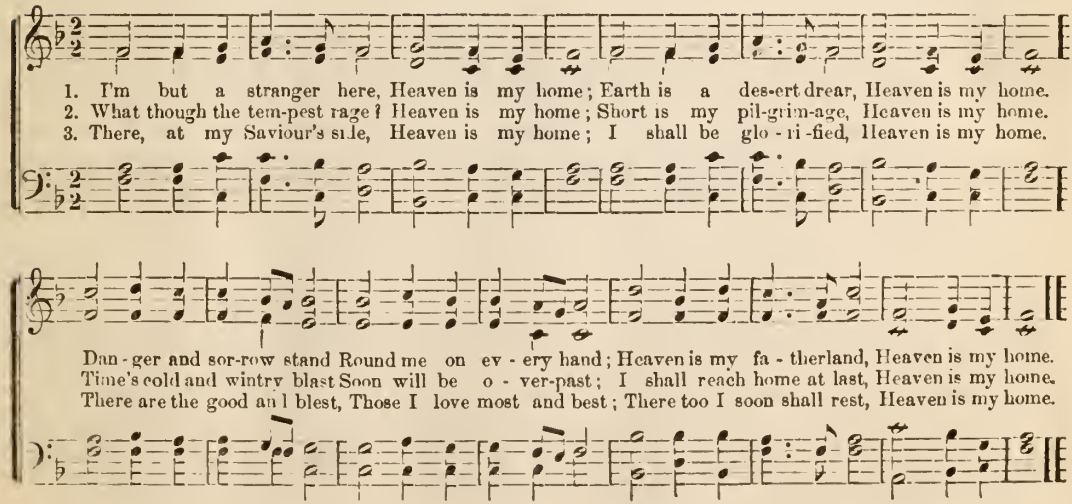
2 We're marching thro' a wilderness;
Marching, marching;
We're marching thro' a wilderness,
In search of Canaan's land.
Soon we'll reach that blissful shore,
Pilgrim days will soon be o'er,
Then in heaven, for evermore,
We'll be an angel-band! *Cho.*

3 We're marching thro' a wilderness;
Marching, marching;
We're marching thro' a wilderness,
Beset on every side.
But the smitten rock will give
Healing draught that we may live;
He will all our sins forgive,
And every want provide. *Cho.*

4 We're marching thro' a wilderness;
Marching, marching;
We're marching thro' a wilderness,
With Christ our beacon-light.
He will lead us through the flood,
He will give us daily food;
He will save us by His blood;
And keep us day and night. *Cho.*

107. I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE.

DR. L. MASON.



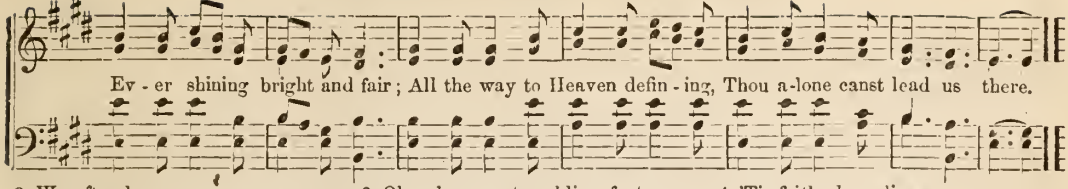
108. STAR OF FAITH.

D. S. D.

1. When all the world seems drear, And full of grief and sor - row, When nought is left to cheer, Or bless the coming morrow— The Christian sees a star Throughout the darkness shining, The clouds of gray soon break away, And show their silver lin - ing.

Chorus.

Star of faith! ev - er shining,—

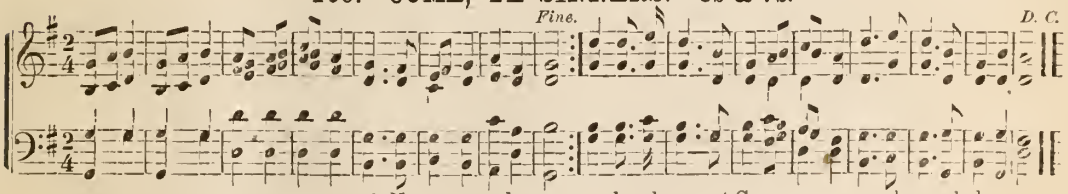


2 We often lose our way;
For Satan, still pursuing,
Will subtle charm display,
And risk the soul's undoing.
But trusting, in the dark,
And looking up to Heaven, [view,
A light breaks through, to cheer our
And strength is surely given. *Cho.*

3 Oh, when our trembling feet
To Jordan's shore are nearing,
Across the flood how sweet
The prospect is, and cheering!
For death will cast no gloom
O'er all the way before us,
If one bright star, seen from afar,
Is sweetly shining o'er us. *Cho.*

4 'Tis faith alone discerns
A home in realms of glory;
By faith the spirit learns
Salvation's wondrous story.
Shine on, thou glorious star,
And cheer the souls, repining:
When thou art bright then all is light,
For Heaven on earth is shining!

109. COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s.



1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you.
Full of pity, love, and power.
Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
Turn, &c.

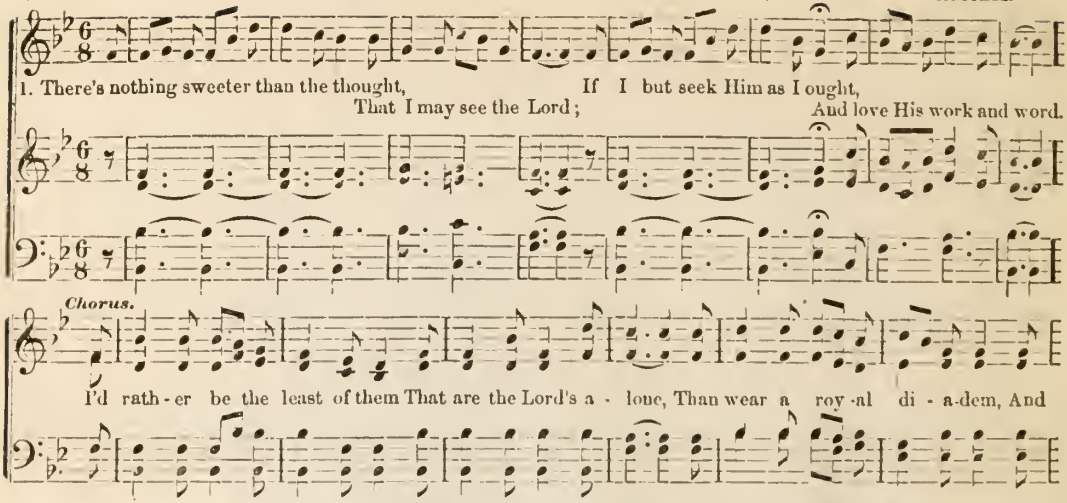
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.
Turn, &c.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Turn, &c.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Hear Him cry before He dies.
Turn, &c.

110. THE SWEETEST THOUGHT.

APGOMER.



2 Once in His arms the Saviour took
Young children just like me,
And blessed them with a voice and look,
As kind as kind could be.
Cho.—I'd rather be the least of them
That shar'd that look and tone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

3 And though to heaven the Lord hath gone,
And seems so far away,
He hath a smile for every one
That doth His voice obey.
Cho.—I'd rather be the least of them
That He will bless and own,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne.

111. Conflict.

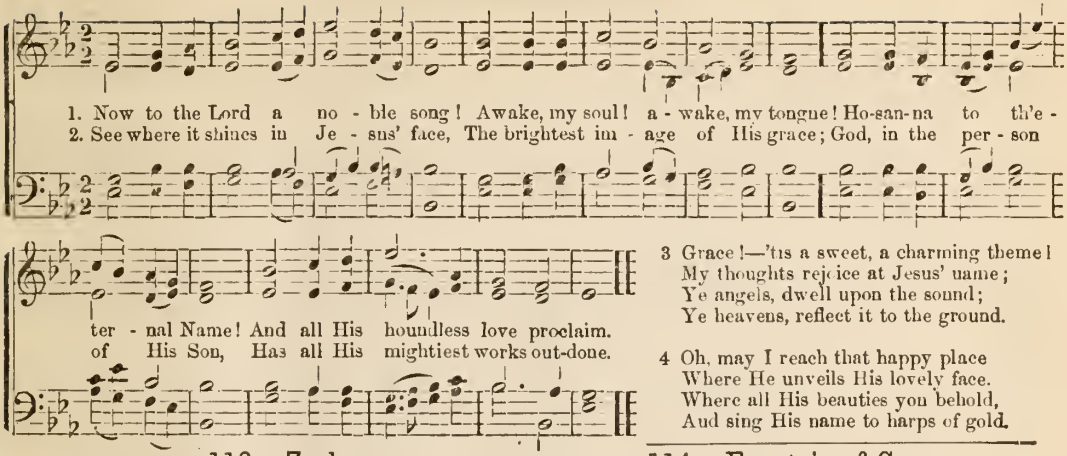
Tune, "Duke Street."

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.



3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme!
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach that happy place
Where He unveils His lovely face.
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

113. Zeal.

1 Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

114. Fountain of Grace.

1 Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free.
What need I, that is not in Thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3 In life, Thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 Oh, all-sufficient Saviour! be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

115. HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

DR. L. MASON.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a-bove; Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: } See, He sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world alone. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

2 Jesus! hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life! Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord! we own it love divine.

3 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing:
Bring—oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King."

116. Christian Joy.

1 Hail, my ever-blessed Jesus!
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
Oh! what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh! what joy and happiness!
Love! much! I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay,
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love! much! I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

1 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus!
Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou di lst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

118. PENTECOST.

MRS. V.

D. C.

1. { Come, O, come to Je - sus, Why will ye stay? Weary, heavy - la - den, [*Omit*.....] } He is the way; His spirit pleads, He in - ter-cedes;

Weary, heavy - la - den, [*Omit*.....] He is the way.

2 Jesus will receive you,
Jesus has died;
Streams of love and mercy
Flow from His side;
Drink, drink and live;
He will forgive:
Jesus will receive you,
Jesus has died.

3 Weary, heavy-laden,
Turn to thy God;
Here, the vale of sorrow
Patient He trod;
Bring Him thy tears,
Tell Him thy fears;
Weary, heavy-laden,
Turn to thy God.

4 Come, thy life is fading,
Soon 'twill be o'er;
Come, thy sun is setting,
Linger no more;
Come, ere the day
Fadeth away;
Weary, heavy-laden,
Linger no more.

119. JOSEPHINE.

*

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dewdrops are shin-ing; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;

Star of the East! the ho - ri - zon a - dorning, Guide where our in - fant Redeem - er is laid.
An - gels a - dore Him in slumber re - clin-ing— Ma - ker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer by far, is the heart's adoration.—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

120. SONG OF REDEMPTION.

E. Roberts.

1. In the far better land of glo - ry and light, The ransomed are singing in garments of white, The

harp-ers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain; Sing the

song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.

2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise,
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of Days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
Of glory eternal to Him that was slain.

3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes! yes! we will sing, and Thine ear we will gain
With the song of Redemption,—the Lamb that was slain.

121. I'M A PILGRIM.

Fine. *D. C.*

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

122. COMMUNION.

D. S. D.

1. Commune, in se - cret, with the Lord, And learn His sovereign will; That warning

Chorus.—Commune, in se - cret, &c.

Fine.

voice, that speaks within, Oh! hear it, and be still. Go in the si - lent watch of night, And,

D. C. to Chorus.

kneeling at His throne, Look up, con - fi - ding in His word, Commune with God a - lone.

2 Commune with those, who day by day,
Beneath the cross are found;
With praying souls will love abide,
And fruits of grace abound;
They soar above the storms of earth,
And all their trials here;
The eye of faith, serenely bright,
Brings heavenly pleasure near.—*Cho*

3 When, like a reed, the heart is bowed
Beneath a weight of care.—
A burden which our nature feels
Too weak and frail to bear,
Communion sweet with Christian friends,
A tranquil joy bestows.—
Removes our doubts, dispels our fears,
And leaves a calm repose.—*Cho.*

123. REST FOR THE WEARY.

J. W. Dadmun, Arr.

1 In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone before me, To fulfill my soul's request.
2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which e ternally shall stand; For my stay shall not be transient In that ho ly hap-py land.

Chorus.

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of E den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share.
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance thro'.—*Cho.*

124. Let me go.

1 Cease here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drowned in woe,
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances, let me go.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

2 See yon orient streak appearing,
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice beyond thy hearing,
Calls my new-born soul away.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

3 Yet to leave thee sorrowing pains me—
Hark! that voice again I hear;
Now thine arms no more detain me,—
Follow me, my mother dear.
Cho.—There is rest, &c.

125. MARCHING ALONG.

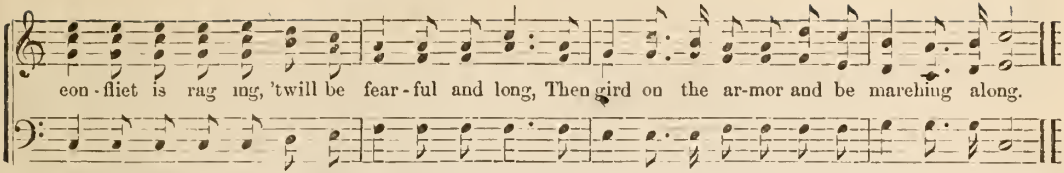
R. P. Clark. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. The chil - ren are gath'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the call for the war, The
2. The foe is before us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not wav-er nor turn from the way, The

con - flict is raging, 'twill be fear - ful and long, We'll gird on our ar - mor, and be marching along.
Lord is our strength, be this ev - er our song, With courage and faith we are marching along.

Chorus.

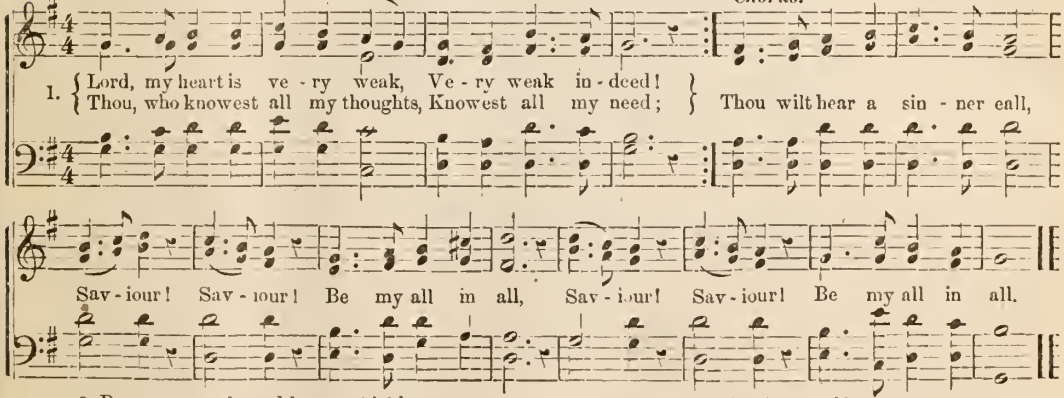
Marching a - long, we are marching along, Gird on the ar - mor, and be march-ing a - long; The



3 We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along. *Chor.*

4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin.
But one thing assures us, we can not go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along. *Chor.*

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **126. ALL IN ALL.** E. ROBERTS.



2 Be my strength, and be my shield;
Feed me every day;
In the fountain of Thy blood,
Wash me clean, I pray.—*Cho.*

3 I am nothing in myself;
May I daily see
All my weakness, while I find
All my strength in Thee!—*Cho.*

127. NO TIME TO WASTE.

1. No time to waste in slum-ber; A cry we soon shall hear; "Behold! the bridegroom cometh!" The

Chorus. No time to waste, &c.

Fine.

midnight hour is near! Then trim our lamps and quickly Let each and all prepare, To meet our blessed

D.C to Chorus.

Master, The marriage-feast to share.

2 Awake! for though He tarry,
Shall we begin to say,
"Our Lord delays His coming"
And cease to watch and pray?
A moment, least expected,
May fill us with surprise,
And close the door of mercy
Forever from our eyes. *Cho.*

3 Oh, be ye also ready;—
A deep impressive call,—
The solemn words of warning,
A voice that speaks to all;
We know not, Lord, Thy coming,
But whensoe'er it be,
At midnight, or at morning,
We'll watch and wait for Thee. *Cho.*

128. Living Waters.

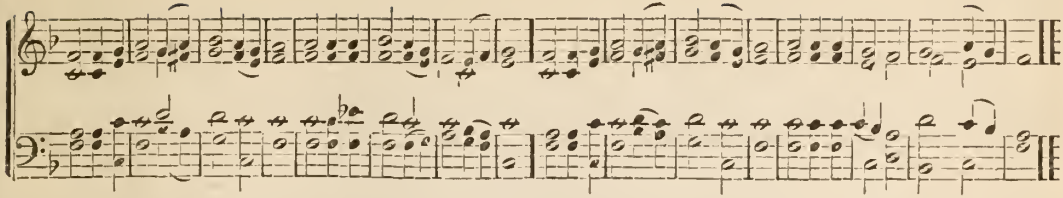
Tune, "Hamburg."

1 Ho! every one that thirsts! draw nigh
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Ye nothing in exchange can give.—
Leave all ye have, and are, behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners! obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wanderers! home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.



129. Heavenly Stranger.

1 Behold a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands; [shows
Oh! matchless kindness—and He
This matchless kindness to His foes!

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments died on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

130. Heavenly Voice.

1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day,
Thy last exceptd time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

131. Rest in Christ.

1 "Come hither, all ye weary souls;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at Thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand,
To mold and guide us at Thy will.

132. BEALE.

E. Roberts.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en,—The name be - fore His
2. His hu - man name they did proclaim When Abr'am's son they seal'd Him,—The name that still, by

Chorus.

wondrous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en. We love to sing around our King, And
God's good will, De - liv - er - er re - veal'd Him. We love to sing, &c.

Ritard.

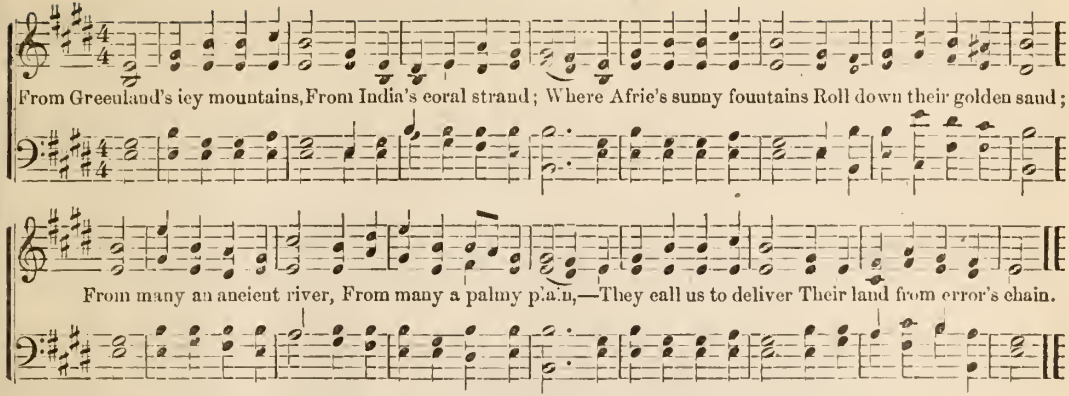
hail Him blessed Je - sus; For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.....

3 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.
Cho. We love to sing around our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus, &c.

4 So now, upon His Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus. *Cho.*

5 To Jesus every knee shall bow,
And every tongue confess Him,
And we unite with saints in light,
Our only Lord to bless Him. *Cho.*

6 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever. *Cho.*



2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

---

134. Gospel Banner.

1 Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout,—"Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,—
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes,—Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

135. LEBANON. S. M. Double.

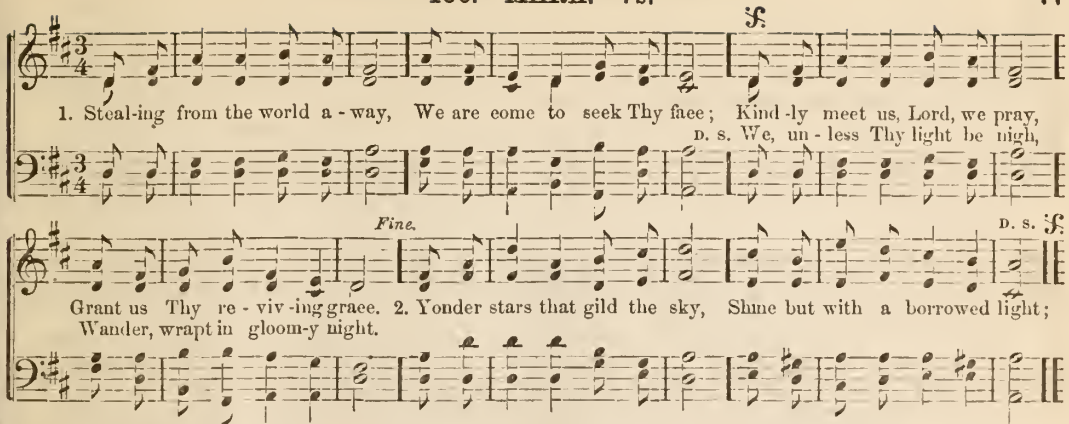
J. Zundel.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled; I was a wayward child, I did not love my home, I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole:
Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold;
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep;
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love His home.



3 Sun of righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

137. The Shepherd's Care.

1 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on Thee my every care,
Bear me, on Thy bosom bear:

2 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in Thee rejoice;
More and more of Thee receive;
Ever in Thy Spirit live;

3 Live till all Thy life I know,
Following Thee, my Lord, below;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above.

4 Oh, that I at last may stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand,
Take the crown so freely given,
Enter in by Thee to heaven!

*138. "Come up hither."

1 "Come up hither; come away:"
Thus the ransomed spirits sing;
Here is cloudless, endless day:
Here is everlasting spring.

2 Come up hither; come and dwell
With the living hosts above;
Come, and let your bosoms swell
With their burning songs of love.

3 Come up hither; come and share
All the sacred joys that rise,
Like an ocean, everywhere
Through the myriads of the skies.

4 Come up hither; come and shine
In the robes of spotless white;
Palms, and harps, and crowns are thine:
Hither, hither wing your flight.

5 Come up hither; hither speed;
Rest is found in heaven alone;
Here is all the wealth you need;
Come, and make this wealth your own.

* Commence the latter part of the tune for the fifth stanza.

139. DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

APGOMER.

1. { In the pleasant days of childhood, When from care our hearts are free, If we ear - ly come to Je - sus, [*Omit*.....] } He our dear - est friend will be.

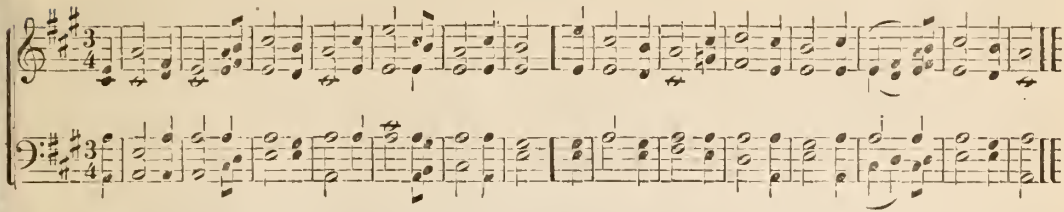
Chorus.

He is wait - ing to re - ceive us! Hear the gen - tle Saviour call, Come, and I will make you hap - py, Children, there is room for all; Come and I will make you happy, Children, there is room for all.

2 If we ask Him, He will give us,
If we seek them, we shall find
Richest treasures far exceeding
All the wealth of earth combined.
Cho.—He is waiting, &c.

3 With His precious word to guide us
In the straight and narrow way,
Let us try to follow Jesus,
Try to serve Him day by day.
Cho.—He is waiting, &c.

4 If to age our youth should ripen,
E'er we leave this vale of tears,
Sweet to think we gave to Jesus
Early childhood's sunny years,
Cho.—He is waiting, &c.



140. Consecration.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The depth of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

141. Contrition.

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye,—

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face
Hast Thou not said—"Return!"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

142. Sinner's Friend.

1 Jesus! Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

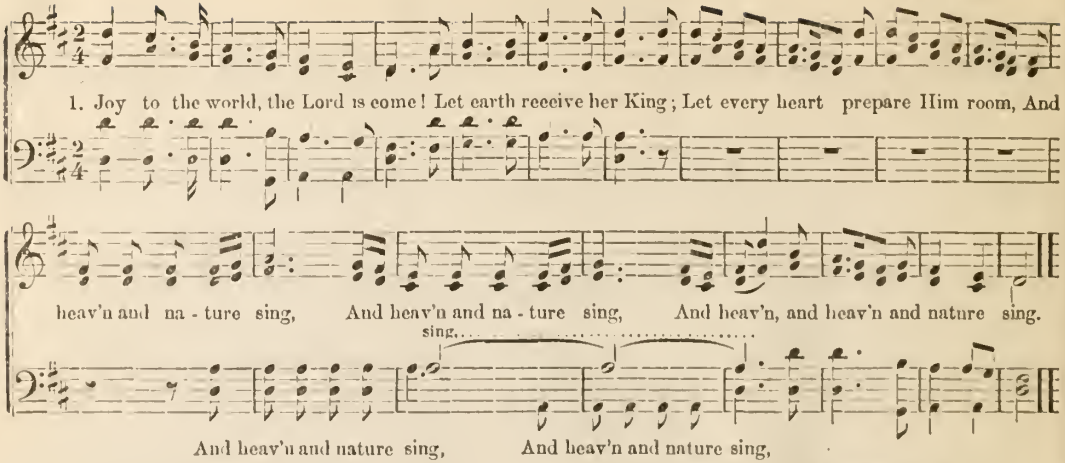
3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God!
I pray, remember me

143. ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arr. by Dr. L. Mason,



2 Joy to the world—the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods—rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

144. Praise to Christ.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrow cease;
'Tis music to our ravished ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me.

145. Latter-day Glory.

1 Behold, the mountain of the Lord
In latter day shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to His courts we'll go."

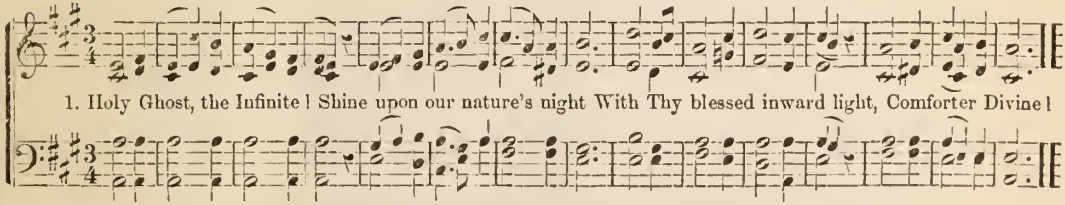
3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang their trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

5 Come, then, oh come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

146. WOODFORD.

APGOMER.



2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint; Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road,
To the height of Thine abode,
Comforter Divine!

147. Christ our Life.

1 Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite—
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Throned above celestial things,
Lord of lords, and King of kings—
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then:
Jesus, hear and save!

148. KIND WORDS.

E. Roberts.

1. Kind words can nev - er die: Heaven gave them birth; Wing'd with a smile, they fly All o'er the earth.

Kind words the angels brought, Kind words our Saviour taught,—Sweet melodies of thought! Who knows their worth?

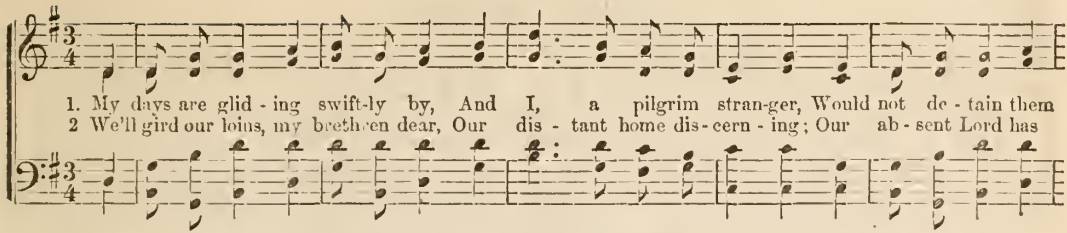
Chorus.

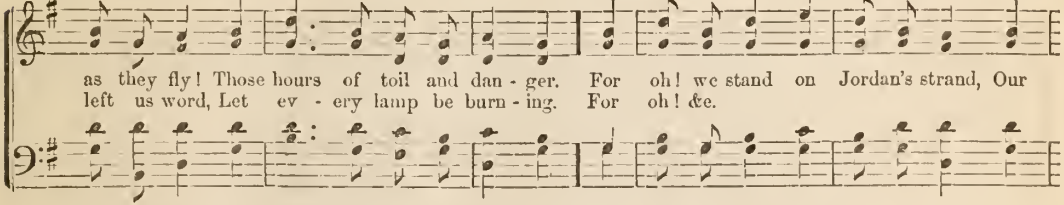
Kind words can nev - er die, nev-er die, nev-er die; Kind words can nev - er die, no! nev - er die.

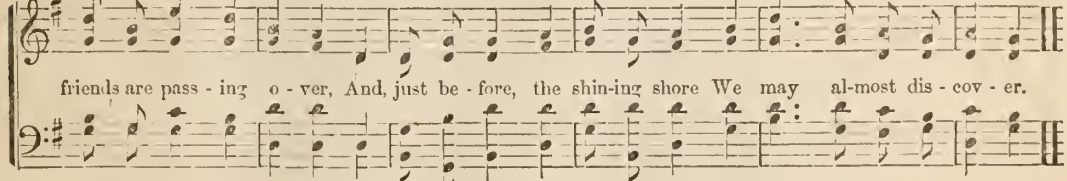
2 Kind deeds can never die:
Though weak and small,
From His bright throne on high,
God sees them all;
He doth reward with love,
All those who faithful prove;
Round them, where'er they move,
Rich blessings fall.
Kind deeds can never die, &c.

3 God's word can never die:
Though fallen man
Oft dares its truth deny,—
Dares it in vain.
God's word alone is pure;
His promises are sure;
Trust Him, and rest secure,
Heaven you shall gain.
God's word can never die, &c.

4 Our souls can never die:
God's word we trust;
He to our *bodies* said,
"Dust unto dust."
Saviour, our souls prepare,
Thy happy home to share;
Us to Thy mansions bear,
When life is past.
Our souls can never die, &c.







3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh, for ever.
For oh! &c.

150. SHARON.

Arranged.

1. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glo - ries its pa-ges un-fold; It
2. The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! blest vol - ume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth! It

speaks of a Sav-iour, and tells of His love; It shows us the way to the mansions a - bove, It
bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great price, Ere the heart is en-slaved in the bond-age of vice, Ere the

shows us the way to the mansions a - bove.
heart is en - slav'd in the bond-age of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy;
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

151. "Thou sweet gliding Kedron."

1 Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver streams,
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

2 How damp were the vapors that fell on His head!
How hard was His pillow, how humble His bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn delight.

3 O garden of Olivet,—dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

4 Come, saints, and adore Him; come, bow at His feet:
Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
How tender and watchful my wants to supply!
He daily provides me with raiment and food;
Whate'er He denies me is meant for my good.

2 The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandments, and walk in His way;
His fear He will teach me, my heart He'll renew,
And though I'm so sinful, my sins He'll subdue.

3 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
I'm blest when I live, and I'm blest when I die;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
"For I will be with thee," my Shepherd has said.

4 The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with delight,
Till call'd to adore Him in regions of light;
Then praise Him with angels to bright harps of gold,
And ever and ever His glory behold.

153. FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins; And
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount - ain in his day; And

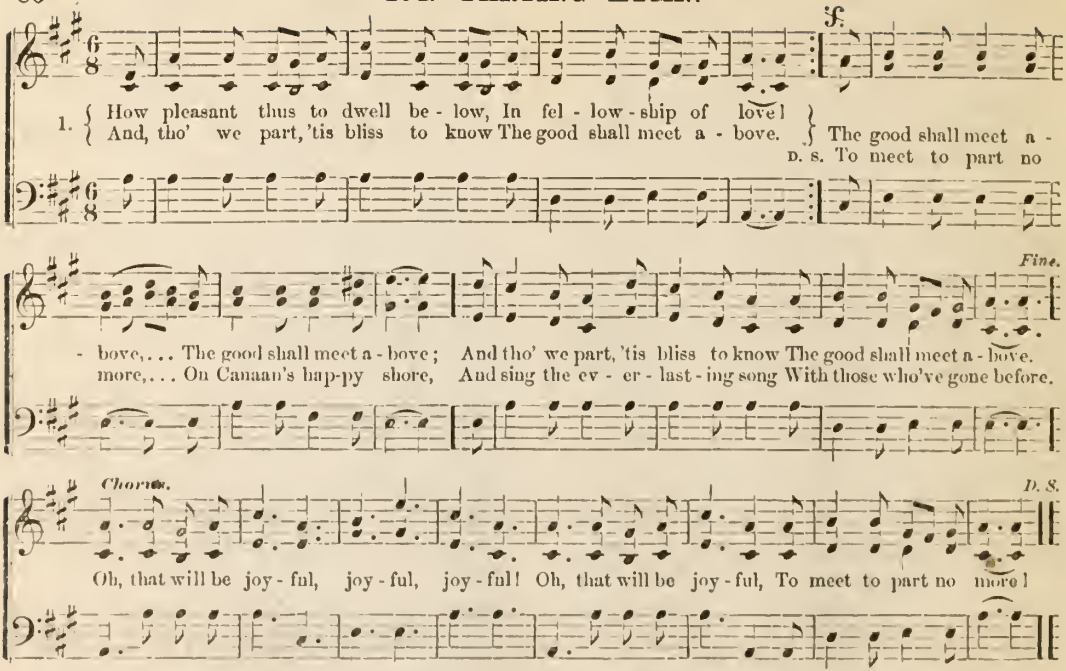
sin-ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
there may I, as vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

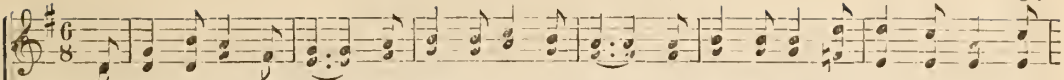
5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

154. PARTING HYMN.

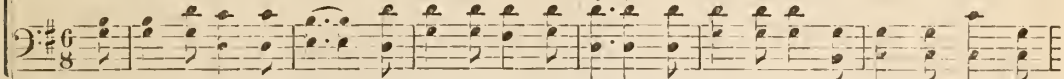


2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
Cho.—Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

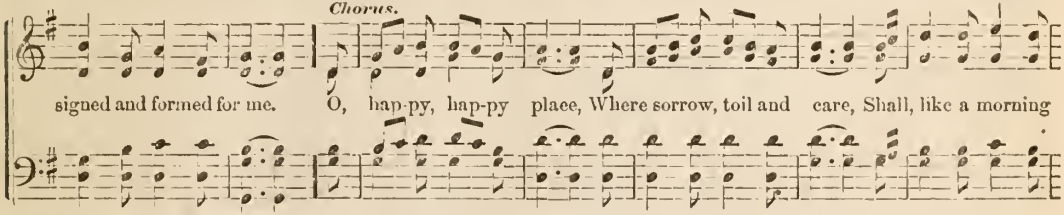
3 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways,
That we with those we love may join
In never-ending praise.
Cho.—Oh, that will be joyful, &c.



1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sorrow free; A mansion which e - ter - nal love, De -



Chorus.



signed and formed for me. O, hap-py, hap-py place, Where sorrow, toil and care, Shall, like a morning

cloud, be lost, In endless pleasure there.

2 My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned—
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure; [flood
He passed thro' death's dark raging
To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

156. Canaan's Shore.

Tune.—"Parting Hymn."

1 Oh, haste away, my brethren dear!
And come to Canaan's shore;
We'll meet and sing forever there,
When all our toils are o'er.
Oh, that will be joyful! &.

2 How sweet to hear the hallowed
That saints shall ever sing; [theme
To hear their voices all proclaim
"Salvation to the King!" *Chor.*

3 Around His throne, all clothed in
Will all His saints appear; [white,
And, shining in His glory bright,
We'll see our Saviour there. *Chor.*

4 Thro' heaven the shouts of angels
When sons to God are born: [ring,
Oh, what a company will sing
On the millenial morn! *Cho.*

5 Through one eternal day we'll sing
And bless His sacred name,
With hallelujah to the King,
And "Worthy is the Lamb!" *Cho.*

AMY ARNOTT.

157. HEART SERVICE.

ARGOMER.

1. { How can we sing the praise of Je - sus? How can we bid our voic - es rise, Up to the throne of God in Heaven, [*Omit*..... } Like the smoke from the

Chorus.

sa - cri - fice? Vain indeed is the praise we of - fer, All in vain are the songs we raise;

If there is no love in our hearts for Je - sus, How can we ev - er tru - ly sing His praise!

2 How can we ever work for Jesus?
How can we hope the crown to win?
How can we be His true disciples,
If our thoughts are so full of sin?
Vain indeed is our toil and labor,
Vain our hope to secure the prize;
If there is no love in our hearts for Jesus,
He will our works, and all our ways, despise.

3 How can we ever slight our Saviour?
Daily offend our gracious Lord?
All that we do for love of Jesus,
Surely brings us a rich reward!
Let us then have a heart to labor;
Consecrating ourselves anew;
Let us show our love for the blessed Saviour,
In whatsoever we may find to do.

158. OPAL. 8s & 7s.

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee; }
{ Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my All shalt be. } Per - ish ev - ery
D. C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heaven are still my own.

D. C.

foud am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known:

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

159. Cross of Christ.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joy that through all time abide.

160. KINSMAN. 8s & 7s.

E. Roberts.

1. { Je - sus wept!—Those tears are o - ver, But His heart is still the same;
{ Kinsman, Friend, and eld - er Broth - er, Is His ev - er - last - ing name. } Saviour! who can

love like Thee, Gracious One of Bethany!

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul;
Surely none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept!—and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear,
Loving to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove;
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

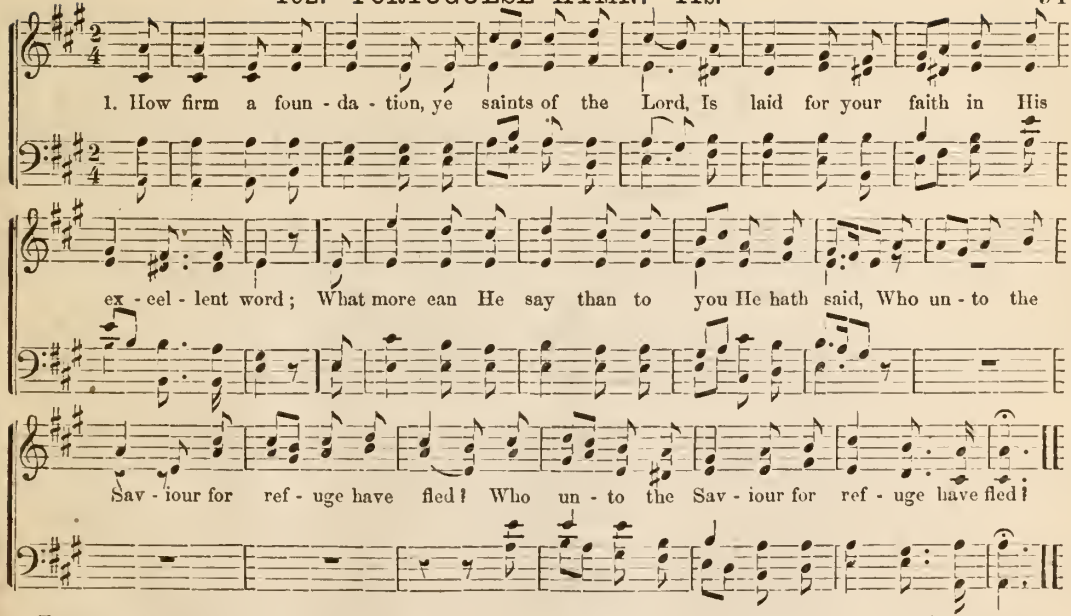
161. Healing Fountain.

1 Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full perpetual tide,
Open'd when our Saviour died.

2 Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white:
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

4 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful,—God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when He was glorified.



2 Fear not, I am with thee: oh, be not dismay'd;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

5 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My soverign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!

163. JESUS, SAVIOUR, BLISSFUL NAME.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, bliss-ful name, This my cheer-ful song shall be; To a sin - ful world He came,

Chorus.

Suffered, bled and died for me, Oh, I would love Him, I'd love my Saviour dear; For from above, He

comes in love, My fainting heart to cheer.

2 Jesus bids me seek His face
In the rosy morn of youth;
Calls me, by His word of grace,
From His holy book of truth.
Cho.—Oh, I would love, &c.

3 Jesus hears me when I pray,
Hears me from His throne above;
Gently leads me all the day,
Crowns my life with joy and love,
Cho.—Oh, I would love, &c.

4 Jesus knows my every thought;
Sees me in the darkest night;
By His heavenly wisdom taught,
May my soul be full of light.
Cho.—Oh, I would love, &c.

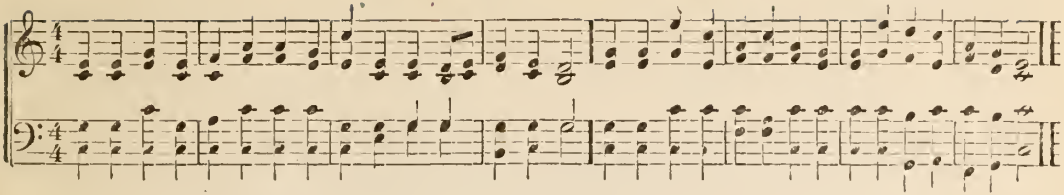
164. Jesus loves me.

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak but He is strong.
Cho.—Oh, I would love, &c.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.—*Cho.*

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.—*Cho.*



165. Silent Slumber.

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

166. Consolation.

1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

167. Christian's Death.

1 Brother, thou art gone before us;
Where thy saintly soul is flown,
Tears are wiped away for ever,
And all sorrow is unknown;

2 From the burden of the body,
From all care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 O'er the toilsome way thou'st traveled,
And endured the heavy load;
Christ hath brought thy footsteps languid
Safely to His blest abode.

4 Thou art resting now, like Lazarus,
On thy heavenly Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

5 When the Lord shall send his summons
Unto us who're left behind,
May we, by the world untainted,
Gracious welcome with thee find;

6 Each like thee, in peace departing,
To the kingdom of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

168. NEVER BE AFRAID.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Never be a-fraid to speak for Je-sus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to
2. Never be a-fraid to work for Je-sus In His vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and

Chorus.

own your Sav-iour, He who loves and cares for you. Never be afraid, Never be afraid,
will-ing spir-it, He will all your toil re-pay. Never be afraid, Never, &c.

Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er; Je-sus is your lov-ing Saviour, Therefore nev-er be a-fraid.

3 Never be afraid to bear for Jesus
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Cho.—Never be afraid, &c.

4 Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on His care depend, [trial,
Safely shall you pass through every
He will bring you to the end.
Cho.—Never be afraid, &c.

5 Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in His arms of love will bear
To the realms of endless day. [you
Cho.—Never be afraid, &c.

1. There's a beauti-ful home for thee, brother, A home, a home for thee; In that land of bliss where
2. There's a beauti-ful rest for thee, brother, A rest, a rest for thee; In those mansions a-bove where

Chorus.

pleas-ure is, There, brother, 's a home for thee. A beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, A
all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee. A beau-ti-ful rest for thee, brother, A

beauti-ful home for thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother 's a home for thee.
beauti-ful rest for thee; In those mansions above where all is love, There, brother, 's a rest for thee.

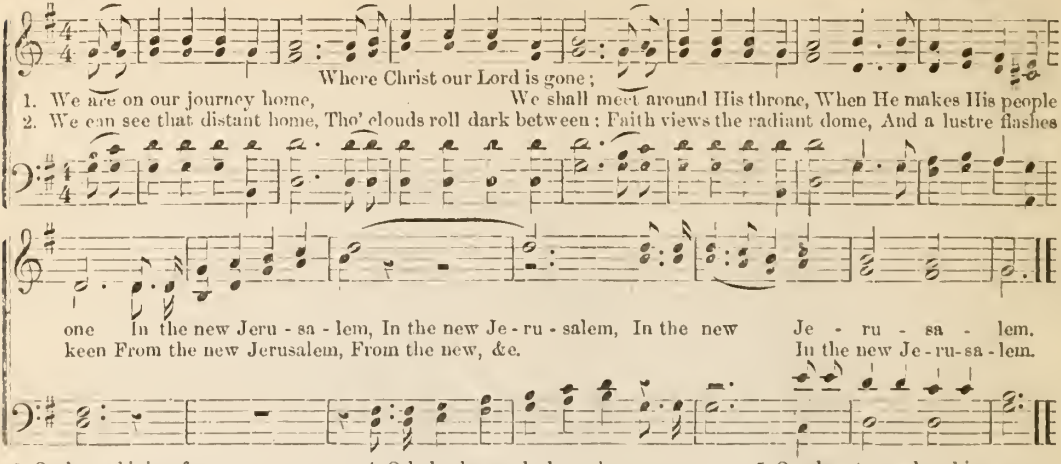
3 There's a beautiful crown for thee,
A crown, a crown for thee, [brother,
When the battle is done, and the victory won,
Our Saviour will give it to thee.
Cho.—A beautiful crown for thee, &c.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,
A robe, a robe for thee;
A robe of white, so pure and bright,
A glorious robe for thee.
Cho.—A beautiful robe for thee, &c.

5 Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,
That home, that home above; [er,
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?
Cho.—A beautiful home for thee, &c.

170. GLENVILLE.

E. Roberts.



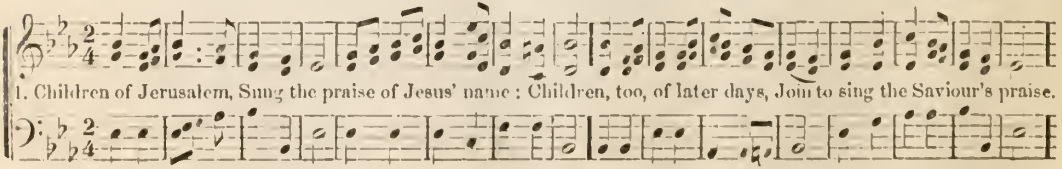
3 O glory shining far
From the never-setting sun!
O trembling morning star!
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

4 O holy, heavenly home!
O, rest eternal there!
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care
In the new Jerusalem.

5 Our hearts are breaking now,
These mansions fair to see;
O Lord! Thy heavens bow,
And raise us up to Thee
To the new Jerusalem.

171. HOSANNA.

E. Roberts.



Semi-chorus. *Full chorus.*

Hark! while infant voices sing, Hark! while infant voices sing Loud hosannas to our King, Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We have often heard and read
What the royal Psalmist said;
Babes and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant, &c.

3 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise to God for all be given.
Hark! while infant, &c.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosanna reach the skies.
Hark! while infant, &c.

172. LISCHER.

Dr. L. Mason.

1. { Welcome, delightful morn! Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest. } From low delights and trifling toys I soar to reach im-

mor - tal joys, I soar to reach, ... im - mortal joys.
I soar to reach

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Reveal a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

173. GOING HOME.

E. Roberts.

Chorus.

1. { We go the way that leads to God, The way that saints have ever trod; We're going home, we're
So let us leave this sinful shore, [*Omit* ..... For realms where we shall die no more.

going home, We're going home, to die no more, to die no more, to die no more, We're going home, to die no more.

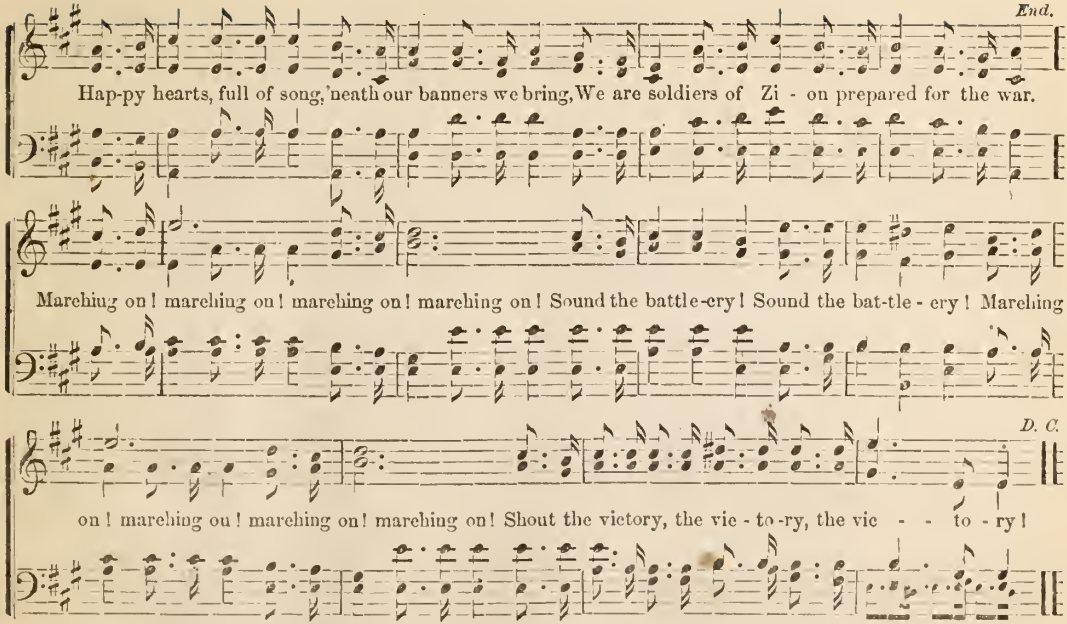
2 The ways of God are ways of bliss,
And all His paths are happiness;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going home, to die no more. *Cho.*

3 Come, sinners, come, oh, come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng!
Farewell, vain world, and all your store,
We're going home, to die no more. *Cho.*

174. "MARCHING ON!"

Rev. R. Lowry. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;



2 Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go,
'Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,
With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rds the foe.
Marching on, &c.

3 Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw every sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike every rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.
Marching on, &c.

4 Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Every flag bears a wreath, every soldier renown;
Heavenly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
Marching on, &c.

175. SALEM.

Arr. from "Jefferys"

1. There is a ho - ly eit - y, A hap - py world a - bove, Be-yond the star - ry re- gions, Built
D. S. There serve their great Re-deem-er, And

Fine. D. S.

by the God of love; An ev - er - last - ing tem -ple, And saints ar-rayed in white,
dwell with Him in light.

2 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee.

3 Is this the Man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemned by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoiled the powers below,
And ransomed many captives
From everlasting woe?

4 The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way—
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.

5 And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know;
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

176. Praise to Christ.

Tune, "Salem."

1 To thee, my God, my Saviour,
My soul, exulting, sings,
Rejoicing in Thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all the saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,

My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, Thou shalt hear:
Oh, grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near!

3 By Thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode:
There cast my crown before Thee,
And, all my conflicts o'er,
Unceasingly adore Thee:
What would an angel more!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **177. PEACEFUL HEART.** E. ROBERTS.

1. Peaceful heart! Oh! what joy, Oh! what bliss is thine! Bright and fair, mirrored there, All the Graces shine.

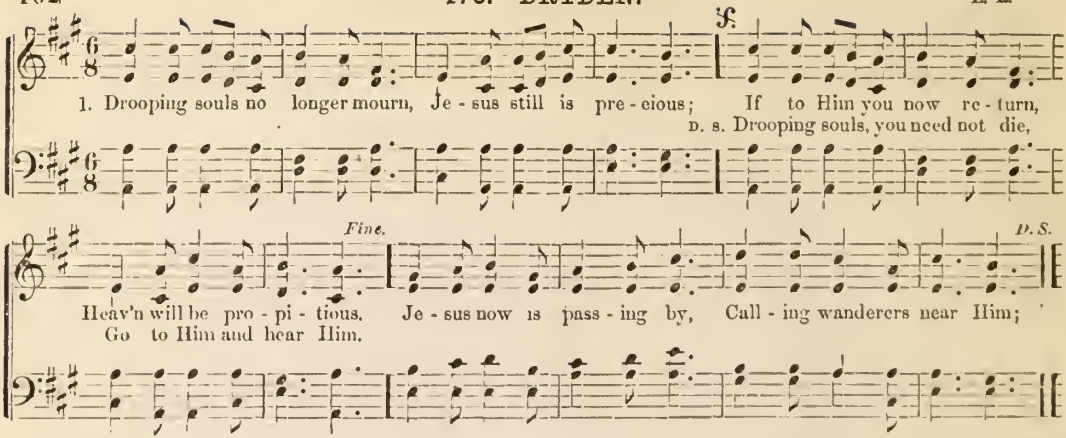
Refrain.

Peaceful heart! peaceful heart! Tem-ple of the Lord thou art, Tem-ple of the Lord thou art.

2 Storms may rise, but they still
Find thee undismayed;
When His voice whispers "peace,"
All the waves are stayed!
Refrain.—Peaceful heart! &c.

3 Friends may fail; love may prove
Faithless to life's end;
Thou wilt still find in Christ
Thy unfailing friend!
Refrain.—Peaceful heart! &c.

4 Billows break; shadows flee;
Darkest clouds depart;
Jesus shines like a star,
In the peaceful heart!
Refrain.—Peaceful heart! &c.



2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still He cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden."
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on Him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love Him;
He to save the dying came:
Go to Him and prove Him.
Wand'ring sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe Him!
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
Worship Him; receive Him.

179. Communion.

Tune, "Heber."

1 Our souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

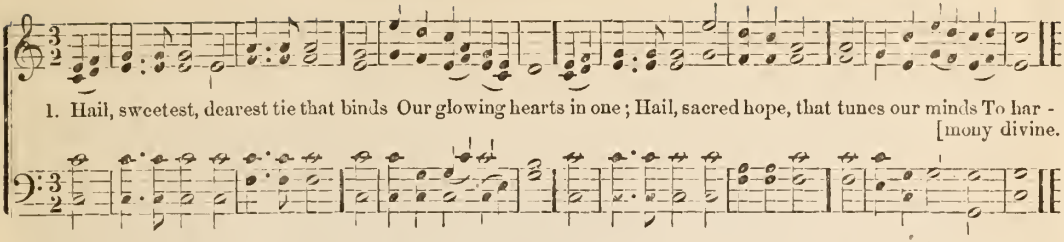
2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood; [earth,
Oh, sweep the nations, shake the
'Till all proclaim Thee God!

5 And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,
And sett'st Thy starry crown;
When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by Thee Thine own;—

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.



2 What tho' the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What tho' beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;—

3 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.

4 Oh, sacred hope! Oh, blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven!

181. Joy in the Scriptures.

1 Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here my Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

182. Christian Sympathy.

1 How sweet and heavenly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord,
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfil His word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet, with fond esteem,
In every action glows.

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom fill'd with love.

183. Christian Union.

1 Bless'd be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart—
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

4 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

184. YE VALIANT SOLDIERS.

1. { Ye valiant soldiers of the cross, Ye happy praying band,
Tho' in this world you suf - fer loss, Press on to Canaan's land; } Let us nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world, For we've all got the cross to bear, It will ou - ly make the crown the brighter to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage thro'.—Let us, &c.

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be
When we arrive at home;
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say "well done."—Let us, &c.

185. Funereal.

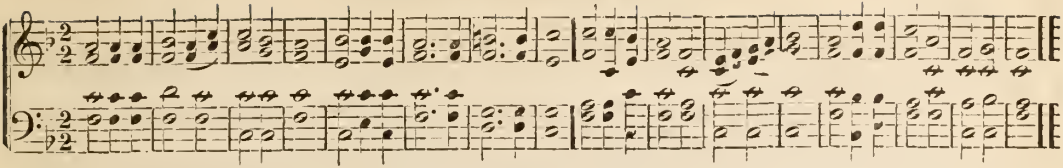
Tune, "Federal Street."

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"



186. Christian's Glory.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus,—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name

4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

187. Jesus our Choice.

1 Tho' all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is He.

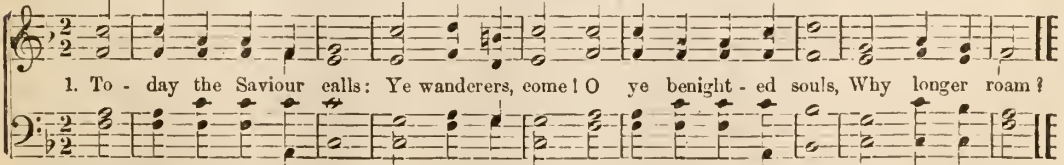
2 Sweet is the vision of Thy face
And kindness o'er Thy lips is shed;
Lovely art Thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around Thy head.

3 Thy sufferings I embrace with Thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasures of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

4 Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel Thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

188. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

Dr. L. Mason.



2 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away!
'Tis mercy's hour.

189. "THE PURE IN HEART."

DR. VANDER WEYDE.

1. Bless - ed are the pure in heart, They who long have borne their part In the vineyard of the Lord,

Organ acct.

Chorus.

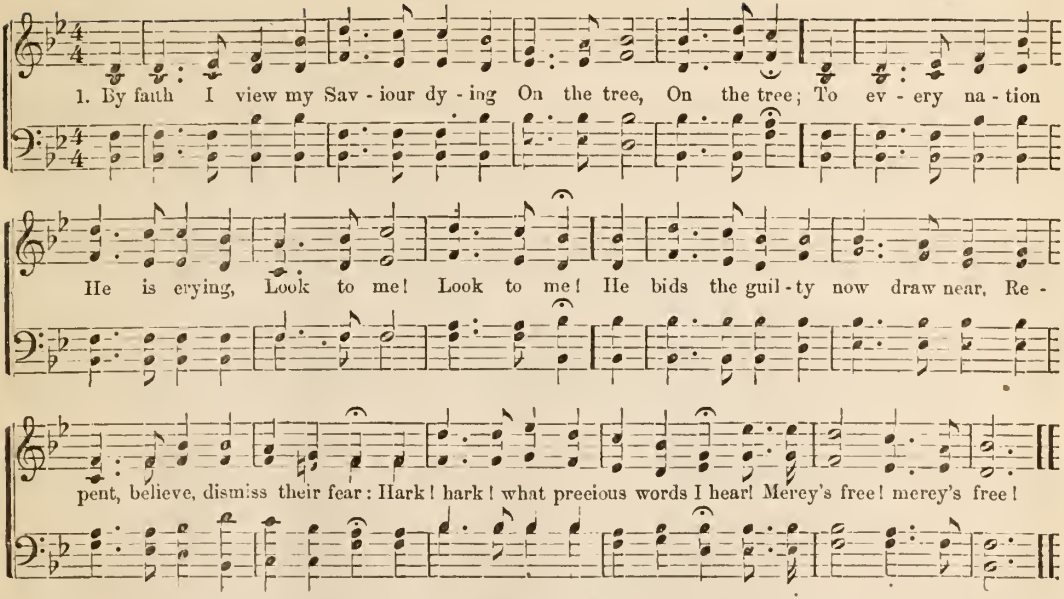
Trust - ing in His ho - ly word. Crown'd with joy and robed in white, 'Mid ce-les - tial

glo - ry bright, In a world from sor - row free, God, their Fa - ther, they shall see.

2 Pure in thought, their ev'ry pray'r
Wafted on the fragrant air,
Borne on seraph wings, shall rise,
Pure as incense to the skies. *Cho.*

3 Pure in heart, in word, and mind,
Patient, faithful, meek, resigned;
Blessed of God, supremely blessed,
In the arms of faith they rest. *Cho.*

4 Pure in heart, though often tried,
Jesus still their bark will guide,
When the voyage of life is past,
Furl in heav'n their sails at last. *Cho.*



2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me?
And did He snatch my soul from [ruin?
Can it be?
O yes! He did salvation bring:
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free! mercy's free!

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free!
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove:
While thro' this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,
Mercy's free! mercy's free!

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
"Mercy's free!"
And this shall be my theme when [dying,
"Mercy's free!"
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
"Mercy's free! mercy's free!"

191. TAKE THY CROSS.

APGOMER.

1. Brother, take thy cross and bear it, Dark and heav - y tho' it be; Je - sus His command has giv - en, "Take thy cross, and fol - low me."

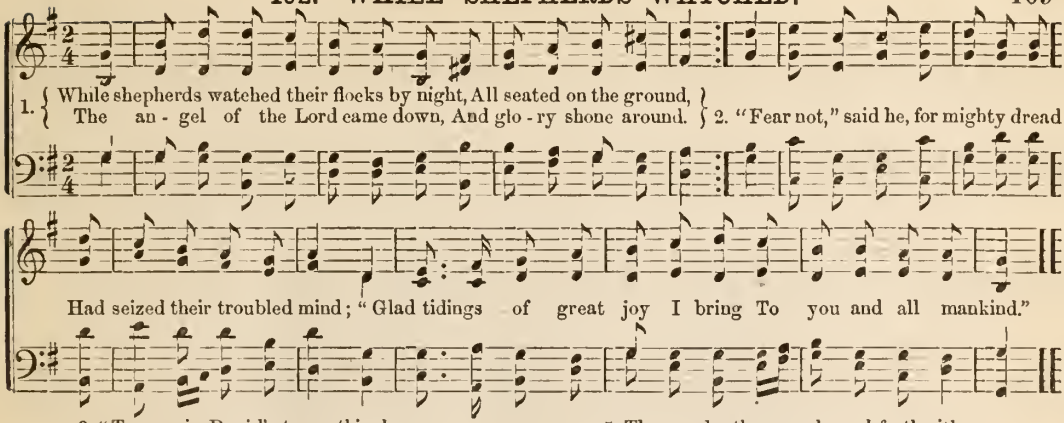
Refrain.

Take thy cross,—whate'er it be; Learn to bear it cheerful - ly; Take thy cross,—whate'er it be; Learn to bear it cheerful - ly.

2 Brother, take thy cross of sorrow;
Bear the heavy weight of pain;
Jesus bent 'neath such a burden,
Why should such as thou complain.—Take, &c.

3 Brother, take thy cross, and follow
Jesus through the shadows dim;
Thou wilt find thy burden easy,
If thou wilt depend on Him.—Take thy cross, &c.

4 Brother, take thy cross; for Jesus
Gives thee strength its weight to bear;
Trust Him in the time of sorrow,
He will hear, and answer prayer.—Take, &c.



3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heaveuly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
Aud in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their wondrous song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will, henceforth, from Heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease."

193. The Day-spring.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born! [plains
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

194. HEAVENLY HOME.

E. Roberts.

Fine.

1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious name to me! I love to think the time will come when I shall rest in thee. [I've

D. C. *for Chorus.*

no a-bid-ing city here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrimage be drear, I know there's rest at home.

2 Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no clouds arise,
No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy ever-smiling skies,
This earthly home is fair and bright,
Yet clouds will often come;
And, oh, I long to see the light
That gilds my heavenly home.
Heavenly home! &c.

3 Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts nor fears, disturb me there, for all is peace at home.
I know I ne'er shall worthy be
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
And now He calls me home.
Heavenly home! &c.

---

195. Walk in the light.

Tune "Rhine."

1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

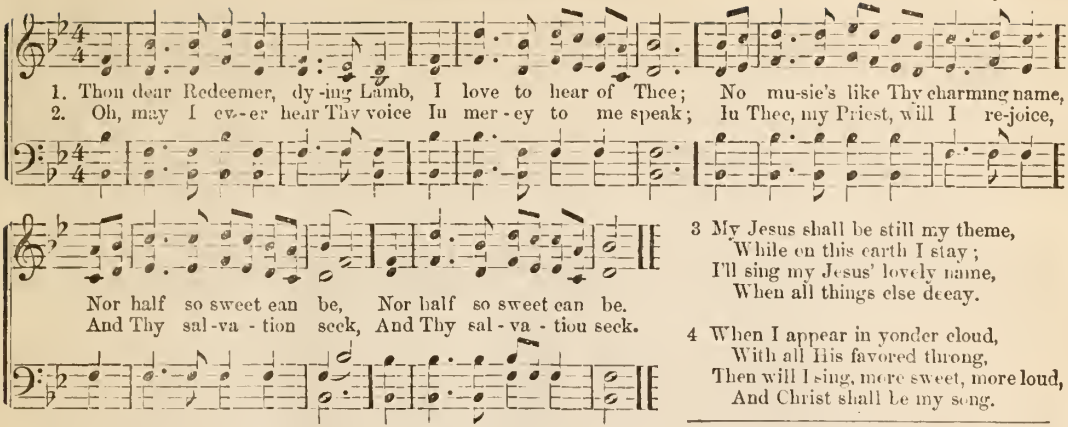
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every sin.

4 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is light.

196. RHINE. C. M.



3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
While on this earth I stay;
I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When I appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favored throng,
Then will I sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.

197. Good Shepherd.

1 To Thee, my Shepherd, and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
Oh let the humblest of Thy flock
Attempt to speak Thy praise.

2 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To Thine amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

3 To Thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppress'd;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

4 Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by Thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach Thy fold above,
And praise Thee better there.

198. God our Joy.

My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if He appear
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am His!"

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

199. Worlds beyond the sky.

1 Oh could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of Thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

200. FATHERLAND.

E. Roberts.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treasure are there, Where verdure and blossoms
2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode, The joys of that place no

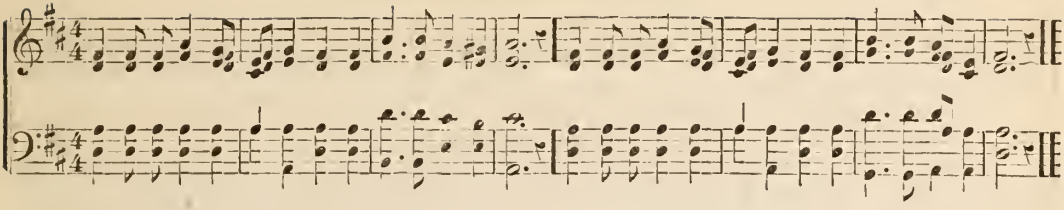
Chorus.

nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair. That bliss - ful place is my fa - therland; By
tongue can tell, For there is the pal - ace of God. That bliss - ful place, &c.

faith its delights I ex - plore; Come, favor my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshiped with me,
Exalted with Christ high on His throne,
The King in His beauty they see.
Chor.—That blissful place, &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er,
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.
Chor.—That blissful place, &c.



1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art
My life and death attend; [mine
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

202. Resignation.

1 My God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh, may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 Whate'er Thy providence denies
I calmly would resign;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise;
Oh, bend my will to Thine!

3 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

4 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

203. Mercy-Seat.

1 Dear Father, to Thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, art near:
Thy grace can raise my comforts
And banish every fear. [high,

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust Thy power and
And dwell beneath Thy feet. [love,

204. Charitableness.

1 Think gently of the erring one!
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path,
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring one:
Thou yet may'st lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

205. OUT OF THE MIRE.

*

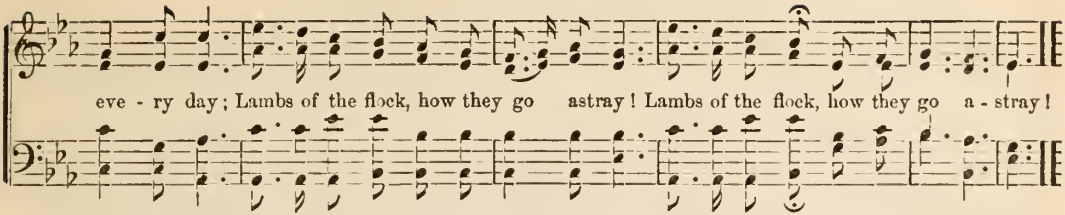
1. The streets of the cit - y are full Of poor, lit - tle, per - ishing souls,
Who wander a - way from the light, [*Omit*..... In pla - ces that

2. Each day there are vic - to - ries won, By thousands, and thousands they fall;
Shall Sa - tan con - tin - ue his war, [*Omit*..... Un - til he has

Sa - tan controls! They see not the snare at their feet; They know not the danger they're in; Dear
conquered them all? No! no! with the ar - mor of God, His darts you may safely de - fy; And,

Refrain.

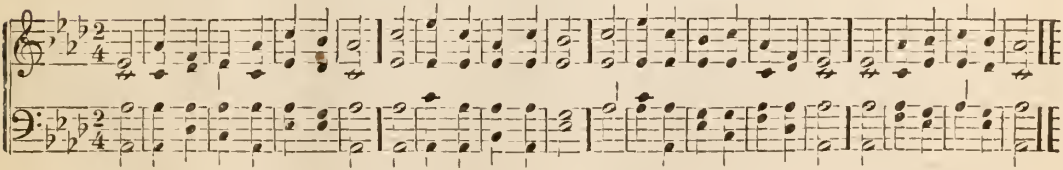
Saviour! can these be Thy lambs, So changed, and disfigured by sin? Famishing, per - ish - ing,
oh! you must seek for the lambs Where Sa - tan has left them to die. Famishing, &c.



3 Then out of the mire of sin,
And out of the darkness of night,
Go, bring the dear lambs of the flock,
And lead them up into the light.
Their voices with tenderness train,
Their wilfulness strive to subdue;
Be patient and tender with them,
As Christ has been patient with you!
Famishing, &c.

4 Beneath all the rags and the dirt,
That cover a body once fair,
There lieth a jewel of worth,
More precious than any you wear.
Oh! let them no longer repine;
Go find them, and tell them their need;
If Jesus' disciple you'd be,
Oh! surely His lambs you must feed!
Famishing, &c.

NEW YORK TUNE. C. M.



206. My Redeemer lives.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
He lives who once was dead:
To me in grief He comfort gives;
With peace He crowns my head.

2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.

3 He lives to fill my breast with love,
With joy my heart to feed;
He lives to plead for me above,
To succor me in need.

4 He lives that I may also live,
And now His grace proclaim;
He lives that I may honor give
To His most holy name.

207. "THE ROSE OF SHARON."

*

1. There is a Rose whose beau-ties grace The gar-den where it grows; In low - ly hearts it
2. Unchanged by time, it nev - er dies, Its beau-ties ne'er de - part; And not a thorn this

Chorus.

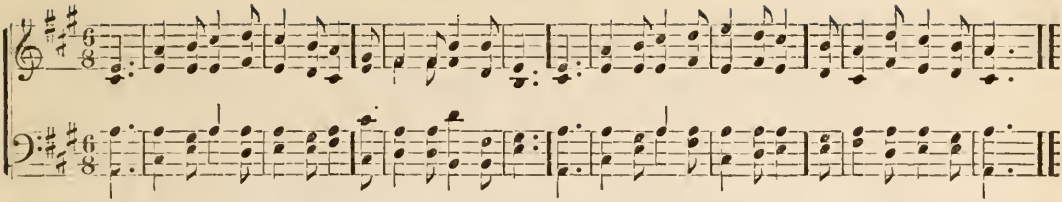
finds a place, 'Tis Sha - ron's love - ly rose. Beau - ti - ful Rose, beau - ti - ful Rose,
Rose sup - plies, To pierce its home the heart. Beau - ti - ful Rose, &c.

Rose of Sha - ron, beau - ti - ful Rose, Rose of Sha - ron, beau - ti - ful Rose.

3 Though in this wilderness forlorn
This lovely rose is found,
Before the morning stars were born
It bloomed on heavenly ground. *Cho.*

4 Its fragrance filled the heavenly [plains,
And all the sons of earth
May prove the virtues it contains,
And sing its wondrous worth. *Cho.*

5 In regions parched by burning heat
Or chilled by polar snows,
The Rose of Sharon we may meet,
For Jesus is that Rose. *Cho.*



208. Child's Communion.

1 Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To cheek me as my mother did,
When I was but a child.

3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart,
Which tells me Thou art there.

5 Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too;
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

6 To God the Father glory be,
And to His only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run!

209. Heaven.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

210. The kind Shepherd.

1 See the kind Shepherd, Jesus stands,
And calls His sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in His arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2 He leads them to the gentle stream,
Where living water flows;
And guides them to the verdant fields,
Where sweetest herbage grows.

3 When wandering from the peaceful fold,
We leave the narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
To seek us when we stray.

4 The weakest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

211. SUMMER-DAY.

E. Roberts.

1. Jesus is our Shepherd, Wiping every tear; Folded in His bo - som, What have we to fear!
2. Jesus is our Shepherd, Well we know His voice; How its gentlest whisper Makes our heart rejoice!

On - ly let us fol - low Whither He doth lead, To the thirsty de - sert, Or the dew - y mead.
E-ven when He chideth, Tender is His touc; None but He shall guide us, We are His a - lone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd,
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed.
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign:
'They that have my Spirit,
These," saith He, "are mine."

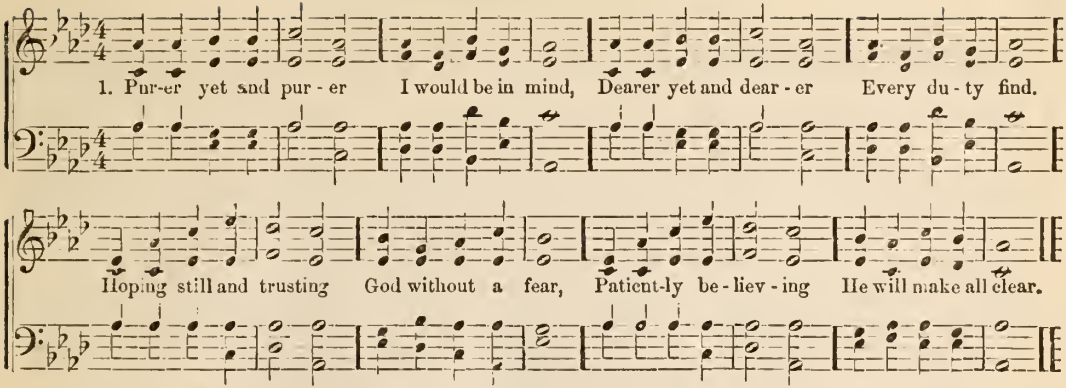
4 Jesus is our Shepherd,
Guided by His arm,
Though our foes assail us
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

212. Little Things.

1 Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land;
2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the paths of virtue
Oft in sin to stray.
4 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

213. Praise to Christ.

1 Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Infant praises hear.
2 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.
3 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.
4 Then, when Thou wilt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will answer gladly,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."



2 Calmer yet calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain.
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Light, serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I progress:
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

215. Trust in God.

1 Oh, let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind!
Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the sacred tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else is near.

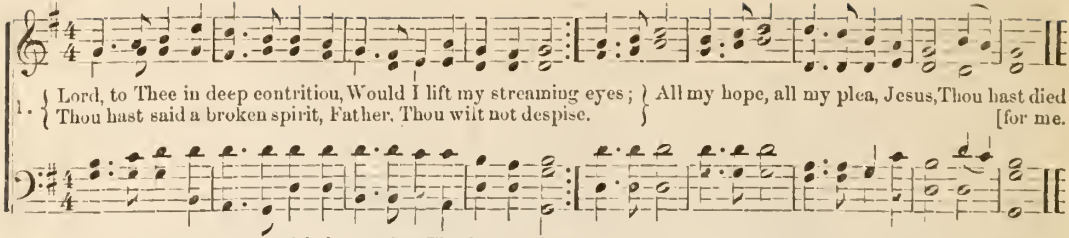
2 God will never leave us;
All our wants He knows;
Feels the pains that grieve us,
Sees our cares and woes:
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

3 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Equal not the gladness
We in heaven shall know,—
When our gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns us with His favor,
Fills us with His love.

FANNY CROSBY.

216. DRESDEN.

E. ROBERTS.



2 Thou art good, and pure, and holy;
I am full of guilt and sin;
Wash me in Thy sacred fountain;
Cleanse and make me pure within.
Refrain.—All my hope, &c.

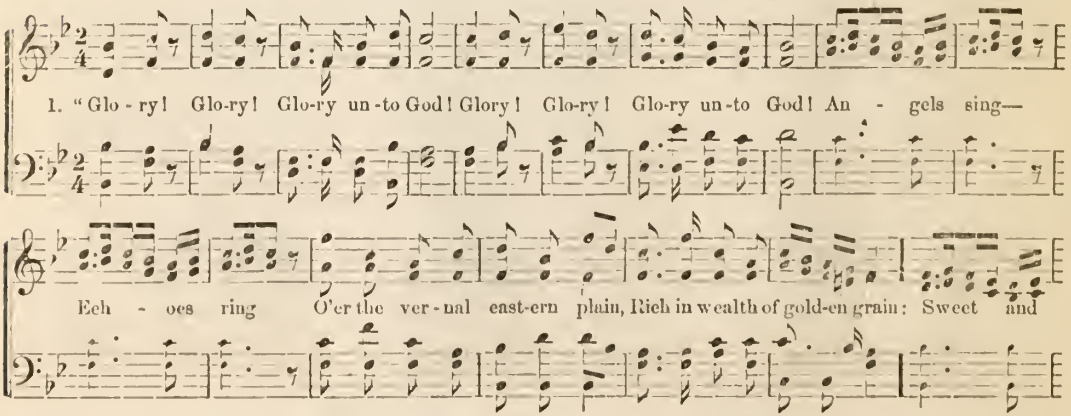
3 Let Thy healing beams of mercy,
Drop, for me, one cheering ray;
Father, from Thy gracious presence,
Cast, oh, cast me not away.
Refrain.—All my hope, &c.

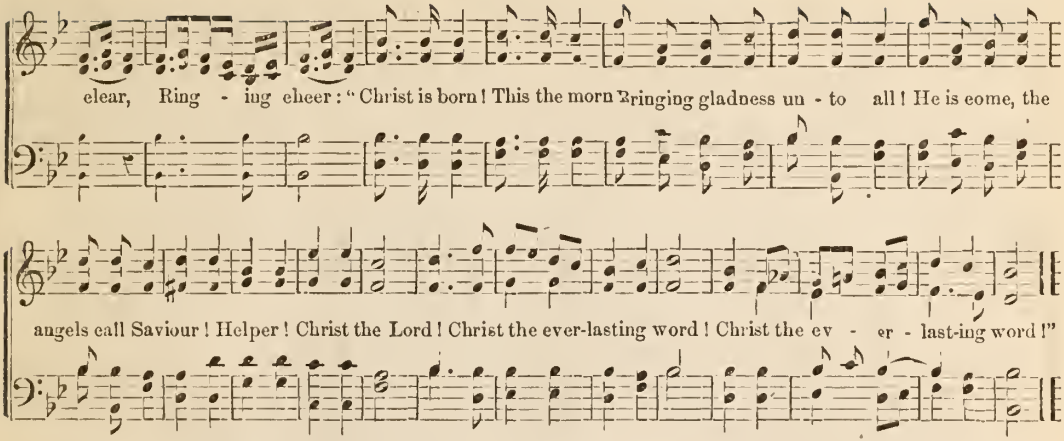
4 Lord, forgive me, own and bless me;
I am weak, but Thou art strong;
In the path of heavenly wisdom,
Gently lead my soul along.
Refrain.—All my hope, &c.

MARIE MASON

217. "GLORY UNTO GOD." Christmas Carol.

DR. L. MASON



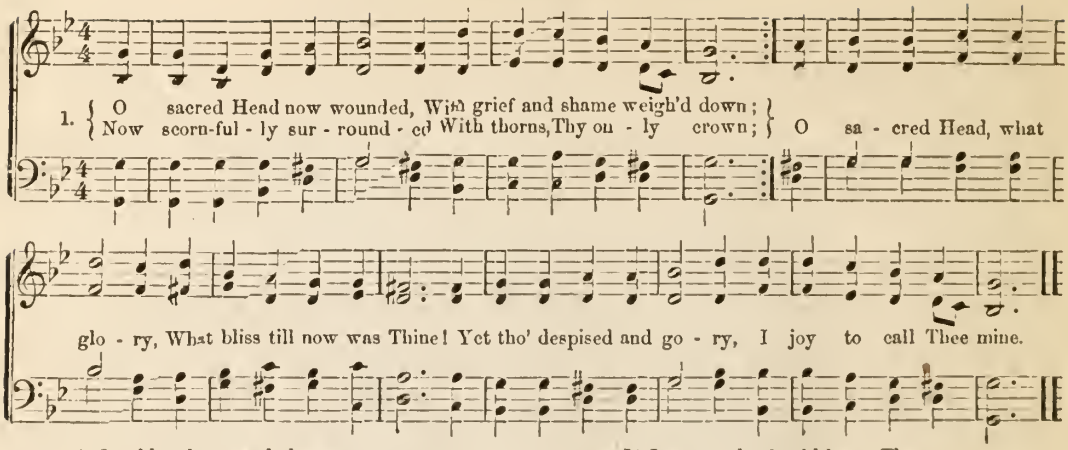


2 "Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!
Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!"
As they sing—
Echoes ring
Through the ancient hills of God,
Where eternal winter trod;
Saintly clear,
There we hear:
"Christ is born!
This the morn
Bringing gladness unto all!
He is come, the earth shall call
Saviour! Helper! Christ the Lord!
Christ the everlasting word!"

3 "Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!
Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!"
Still they sing
While they bring,
From the western forest's breath,
Echoes hushed in living death;
Till we hear,
Loud and clear:
"Christ is born!
This the morn
Bringing gladness unto all!
He is come whom we shall call
Saviour! Helper! Christ the Lord!
Christ the everlasting word!"

4 "Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!
Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!"
Let us sing
Till we bring
Nations that in darkness die
Where the Holy Babe doth lie!
Singing clear,
Far and near:
"Christ is born!
This the morn
Bringing gladness unto all!
At His feet the people fall.
Saviour! Helper! Christ the Lord!
Christ the everlasting word!"

218. CRUCIFIX. 7s & 6s. *

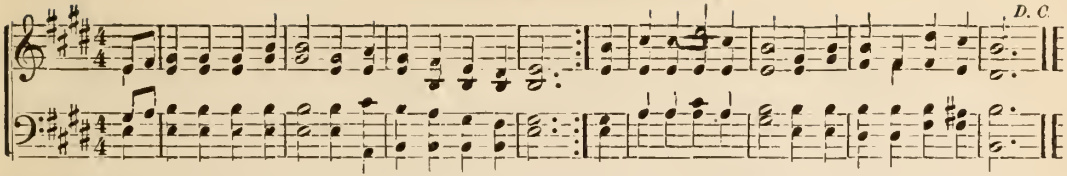


2 O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All fear'd when Thou appeaedst;
What shame on Thee is hurl'd;
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, make me Thine for ever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By Thine own wounded heart.

5 Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For He who dies believing,
Dies safely—through Thy love.



219. Coming to Jesus.

Tune.—"Crucifix."

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

220. Heavenly Manna.

Tune.—"Pilgrim Song."

1 O Bread to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!

2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love Thou art!
Oh let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage!
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We Thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take—and doubt no more;
Give us, Thou true and loving,
On earth to live in Thee;
Then, death the vail removing,
Thy glorious face to see!

221. God my salvation.

1 God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace!

222. SINGING SWEETLY ON THE WAY.

Arranged.

Fine. *D. C.*

1. { My raptured soul in hope rejoices; Singing sweetly on the way; } { Exalt our great Redeemer's name, }
{ Ye pilgrims, join your happy voices; Singing sweetly on the way; } { His wonders tell, His love proclaim; }

D. C. Ye pilgrims, &c.

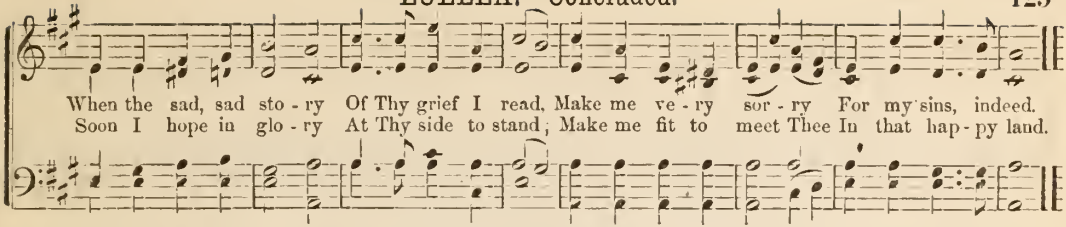
2 We leave the world's deceitful pleasure,
Singing sweetly on the way;
And seek in heaven a glorious treasure,
Singing sweetly on the way;
For every trial, every care,
A sure relief we find in prayer;
Then, pilgrims, join your happy voices,
Singing sweetly on the way.

3 The promised land is just before us;
Singing sweetly on the way;
We'll brave the tempest frowning o'er us,
Singing sweetly on the way;
We soon shall reach the golden strand,
And hail with joy the angel band;
Then, pilgrims, join your happy voices,
Singing sweetly on the way.

223. LUELLA.

H. N. Whitney.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Saviour, Hast Thou died for me? Make me ve - ry thankful, In my heart to Thee.
2. Now I know Thou lov - est, And dost plead for me; Make me ve - ry thankful, In my prayers to Thee.



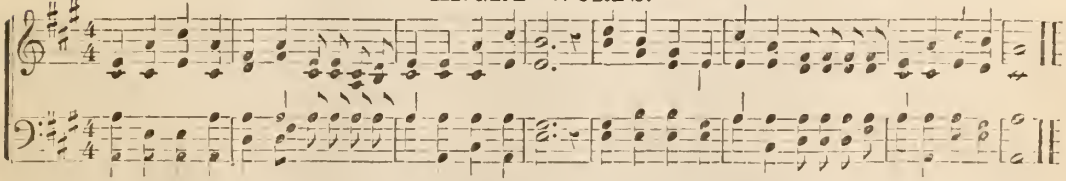
224. Our Salvation.

1 God of our salvation!
Unto Thee we pray;
Hear our supplication,
Be our strength and stay.
Wretched and unworthy,
Poor, and sick, and blind,
Prostrate we adore Thee,
Call Thy grace to mind.

2 He that dwelleth near Thee,
Safely shall abide;
Ever love and fear Thee,
In Thy strength confide.
Sure is Thy protection,
Safe is Thy defence,
While in deep affliction,
Woe, or pestilence.

3 God of our salvation!
Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Boundless Thy compassion,
Infinite Thy grace.
While with love unceasing,
Humbly we adore:
Grant us Thy rich blessing,
And we ask no more.

ANGRY WORDS.



225. Angry words.

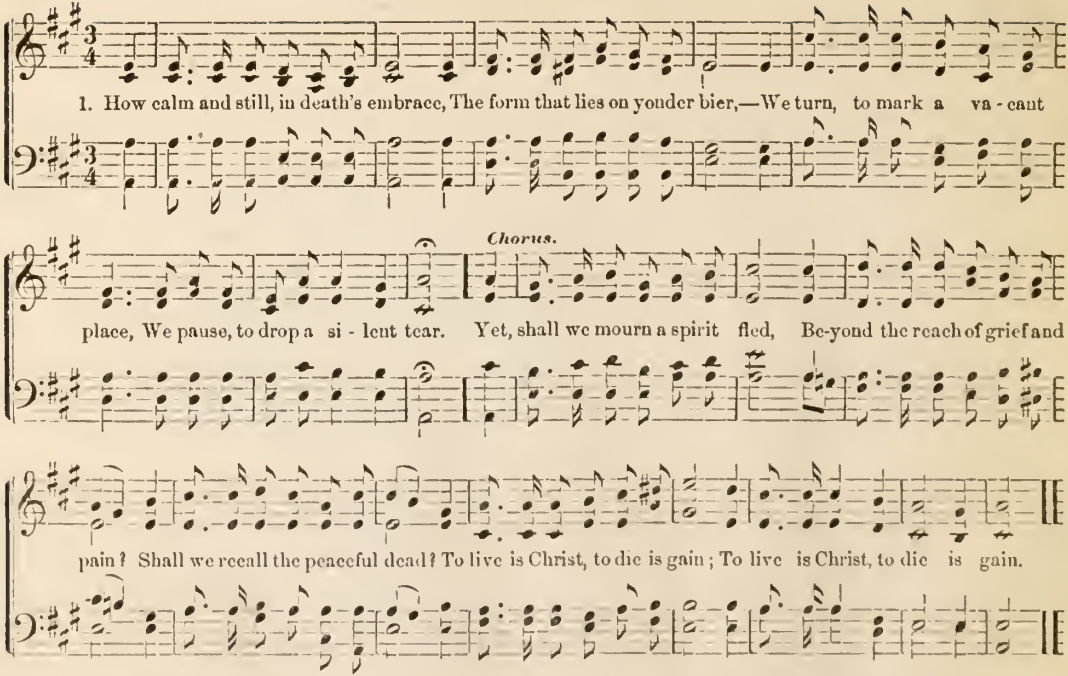
1 Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep, insidious power.

2 Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent, past human feeling,
By a single angry word.

3 Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops, are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.

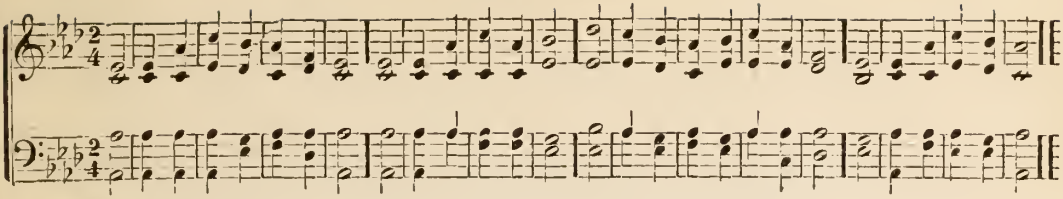
4 Angry words,—oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip!
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip!

226. FUNERAL HYMN. *



2 Those lips that sang of Jesus' love,
And mingled in our strains below,
Have joined the angel choirs above,
Where living waters gently flow.—*Cho.* And shall, &c.

3 Oh, let our trust on God be stayed,
Our hearts, in youth, to Him be given,—
That when the joys of earth shall fade,
Our souls may find repose in heaven.—*Cho.* And, &c.



227. Sympathy.

1 Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads His kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 He hears the Saviour's cheering word,
"My peace to him I give;"
And when He kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

228. Christian Home.

1 Happy the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame
And parents hold Him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

229. Departure.

1 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps,
The path which reaches heaven.

2 Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled—
That He whose love exceedeth ours,
Has taken home His child.

3 Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms;
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

4 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memories serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

230. NEVER TOO YOUNG.

APGOMER.

Refrain.

1. I want to do right; I want to be good, I want to be all that a Christian should, For I'm

| 1st time. | 2d time. |

nev - er too young, nev - er too small, To serve my dear Redeem - er, To serve my dear Redeem-er.

2 I want to be strong;
I want to be true;
I want to do all that I ought to do.
Refrain.—For I'm never, &c.

3 I want to be meek;
I want to be mild;
I want to be known as a Christian child!—*Refrain.*

4 Dear Saviour draw near
And help me, I pray,
To know Thee, and love Thee, and serve Thee each day.—*Refrain.*

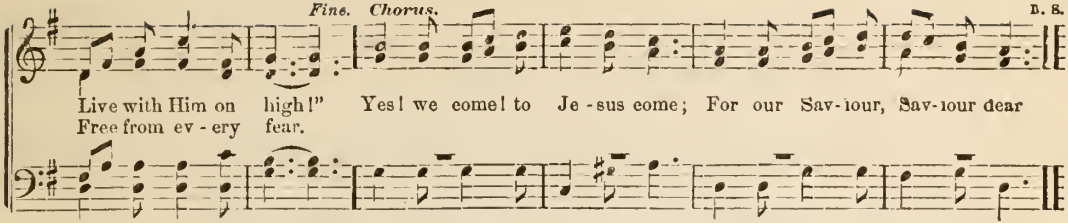
231. ENTREATY.

E. ROBERTS.

Semi-Chorus.

f.

Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice, Floating gen-tly, gen-tly by! "Come to Je - sus, and re - joice"
D. S. Soon will call us to His home,

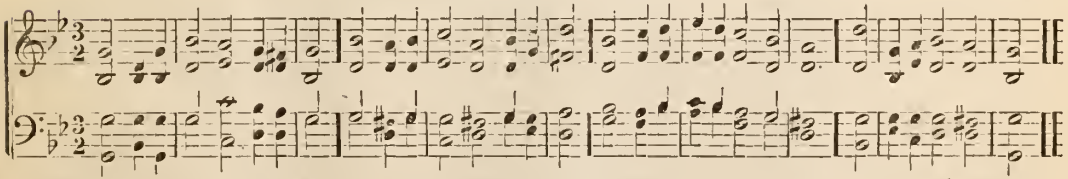


Semi-Cho.—Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice!
Singing sweetly, sweetly now:
"'Tis the hour to make thy choice,
Come! to Jesus bow!"
Cho.—Jesus' love,—worth more than gold,
Dug from out the richest mines,—
Jesus' love, like wealth untold,
Round the heart entwines.

Semi-Cho.—Hark! a voice! a heavenly voice!
Hear it! sounding through the land:
"Souls on earth make heaven rejoice,
Who for Jesus stand."
Cho.—Jesus! take us in Thine arms;
Suffer that we come Thee:
With Thy blessing, earthly harms
From our path will flee.

232. ELLIOTT.

Dr. L. Mason.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

233. LINCOLN. 7s.

E. Roberts.

1. { Life is but a meteor gleam, Fleeting as the glance of day, / Like a rip - ple on the stream, Like a flower that fades a - way; } Land of rest beyond the sky,

Land, from pain and sor - row free! How my spir - it longs to fly, On ce - les - tial wings to thee!

234. Our Refuge.

2 Far beyond the reach of fear,
Happy, on thy tranquil shore,
They, who walk with Jesus here,
Sing their earthly trials o'er;
There the meek,—the pure in heart,
Dwell with God supremely blessed;
They have borne a christian's part,
They shall find a christian's rest.

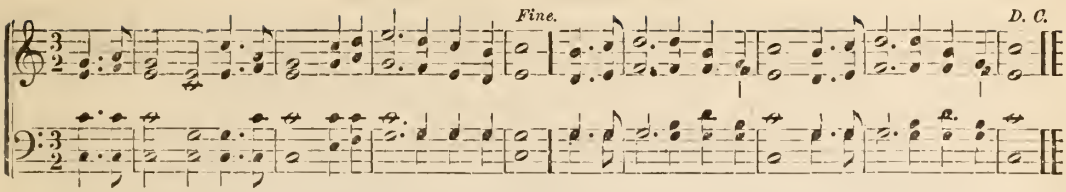
3 Waiting till the shadows fall,
O'er my life's declining sun—
Waiting till my Father's call
Tells me that my work is done;
Land of rest beyond the sky,
Land, from pain and sorrow free,
How my spirit longs to fly,
On celestial wings to thee!

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.



235. Welcome Sinner.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burden groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

236. Gospel Peace.

1 Ye who in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,—
Lost and helpless, as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,—
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View His bleeding sacrifice;
See, in Him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

---

237. Rock of Ages.

Tune, "Lincoln,"—by omitting the repeat.

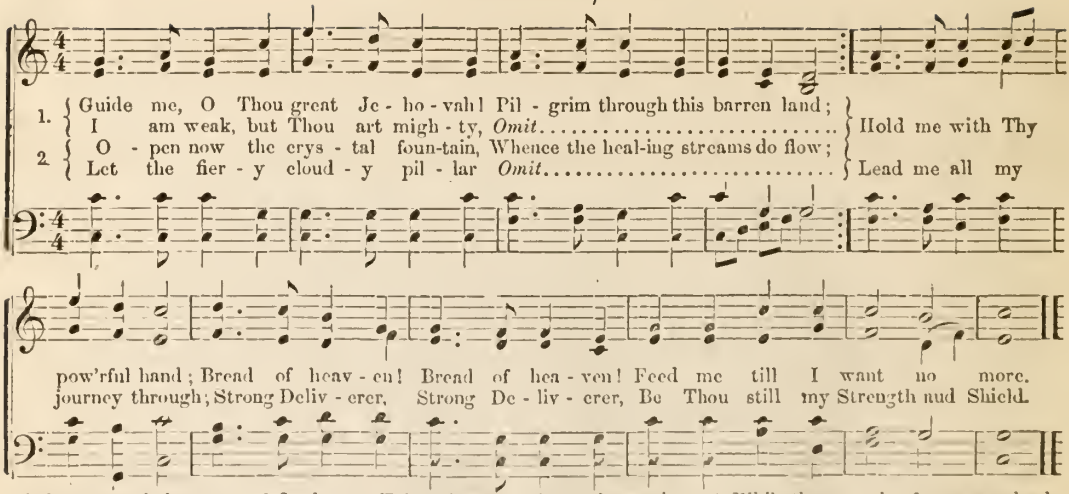
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

238. MARY. 8s, 7s & 4s.



3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

2 Take His easy yoke, and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet,
Safe to glory,
Where His ransom'd captives meet.

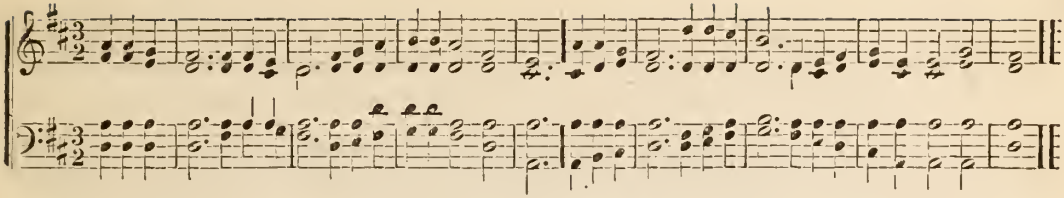
4 While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resigned,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.
None but Jesus
Can the broken heart up-bind.

239. Look to Jesus.

1 Come, ye sons by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
By the perfect law convicted,
Thro' the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows thro' Him alone.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it,
Shall to rest immortal rise

5 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars above them all:
Faith believes it, Hope expects it,
But it overwhelms them all.



240. The Cross.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

241. Christ's Poverty.

1 O'er the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

3 Still near the lake with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on His lone unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4 Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay His head.

5 Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And thro' His poverty there flows
A rich full stream of heavenly grace.

242. Friend of Sinners.

1 He dies!—the friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to His Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

5 Say—live forever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave!

243. BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

MRS. T J. COOK.

1. O, how my spir- it longs for thee, Beau -ti - ful home a - bove; Where I may rest from sorrow free, Beauti- ful home a - bove;

With-in the gold-en gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white, I'll walk with angels fair and bright, In my home above.

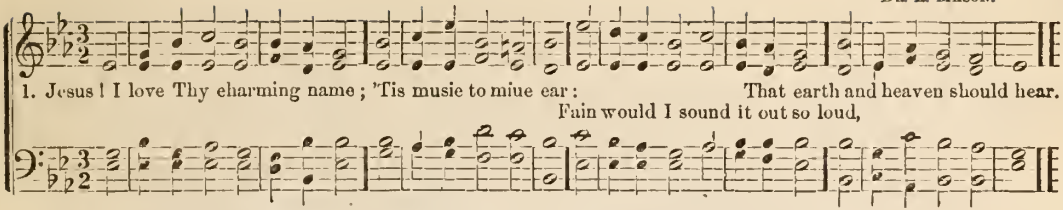
Chorus.

Beau- ti - ful home a - bove! Beau -ti- ful home a - bove! O, come and take me, Saviour, come, To my beautiful home a - bove.

2 To reach thee safe I daily pray,
Beautiful home above;
And travel in the toilsome way,
Beautiful home above;
My weary feet are bruised and sore,
But Jesus' feet were bruised before,
To bring me to the open door
Of my beautiful home.
Cho.—Beautiful home, etc.

3 Thy shining walls by faith I see,
Beautiful home above;
The mansions fair prepared for me,
Beautiful home above;
O, let me keep my longing eyes
Intently fixed upon the prize,
Till angels bear me to the skies,
In my home above.
Cho.—Beautiful home, etc.

DR. L. MASON.



2 All that my loftiest powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The Conqueror of death.

245. Happiness in God.

1 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of solid rest:
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean, to make me blest.

2 Let earth and all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind:
In God alone this restless heart
Enduring bliss can find.

3 Thy favor, Lord, is all I want;
Here would my spirit rest:
Oh, seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make me fully blest.

246. Glory of Christ.

1 Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amid His Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on Thy head!

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

247. Glory of Christ.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

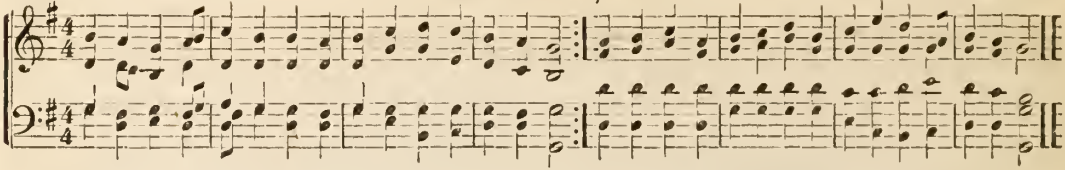
3 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

4 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

Not too Fast.

INVITATION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

E. Roberts.



248. Invitation.

1 Hear, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus, Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

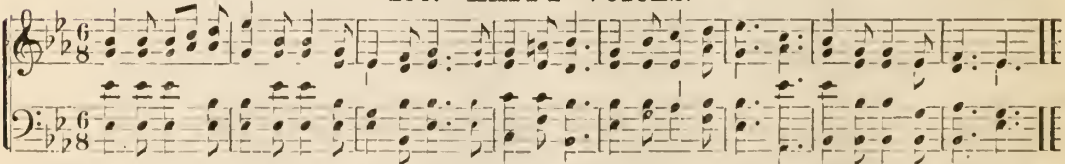
2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!—
Seek His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus, Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

249. Heavenly Message.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh, how tender!—
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it!
Every line is full of love!

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,—
"Pardon to each rebel sinner,
Free forgiveness in His name:"
Oh, how gracious!
Free forgiveness in His name."

250. HAPPY VOICES.



1 Hark! those happy voices saying,
"Yet there's room, Sinner, come,
Heaven's call obeying."

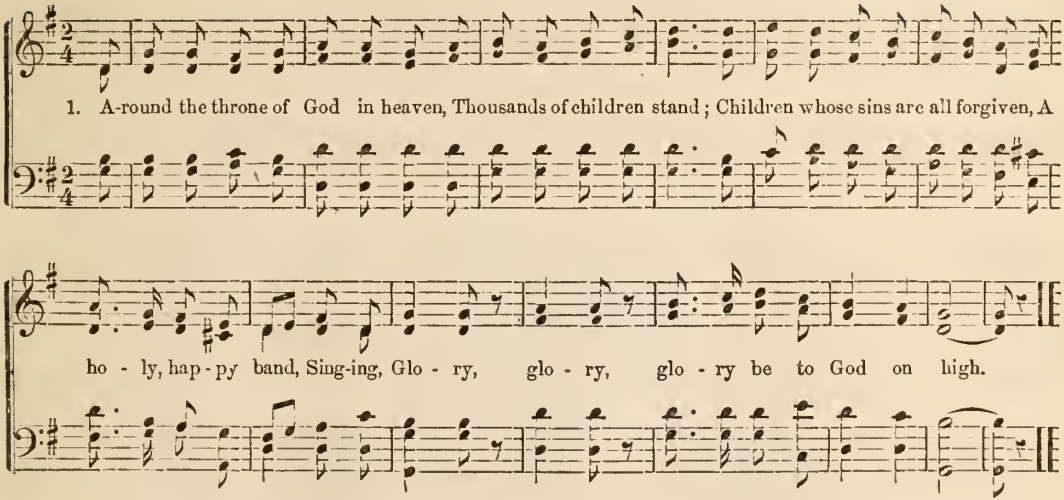
2 Now the feast is spread before thee,
Wait no more, Grace implore,
Peace shall then come o'er thee.

3 Bless the Lord of life for ever,
O my soul, Bountiful,
Infinite His favor.

4 Bless the Lord of thy salvation,
Who in love From above,
Heard thy supplication.

5 Bless the Lord of earth and heaven
Thro' His blood That freely flow'd,
Are thy sins forgiven.

6 Bless the Lord, whose love abounding,
Fills thy days With joy and praise,
Songs of triumph sounding.



2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

3 What brought them to that world above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love!
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, Glory, glory, glory, &c.

252. "PRESS ON."

*

1. Press on! press on! behold the goal Still in the distance shining; Do not repeat a sore defeat, By

Refrain. Press on! press on!

needlessly re - pin - ing! Press on! press on! and bravely meet The foes that would ensnare your feet!

2 Press on! press on! the morning light
The fainting heart is cheering;
And every day you keep the way,
The promised bliss you're nearing. *Refrain.*

3 Press on! press on! why linger thus,
Your weaker self betraying?—
A moment lost, the prize may cost;
There's danger in delaying! *Refrain.*

253. THE SONG OF ANGELS.

1. There's a song the angels sing, And its notes with rapture ring, Round the throne whose radiance fills the

heav'ns above. Shepherds heard the distant strain, Watching on Ju - de - a's plain, "Glo - ry,

Chorus.

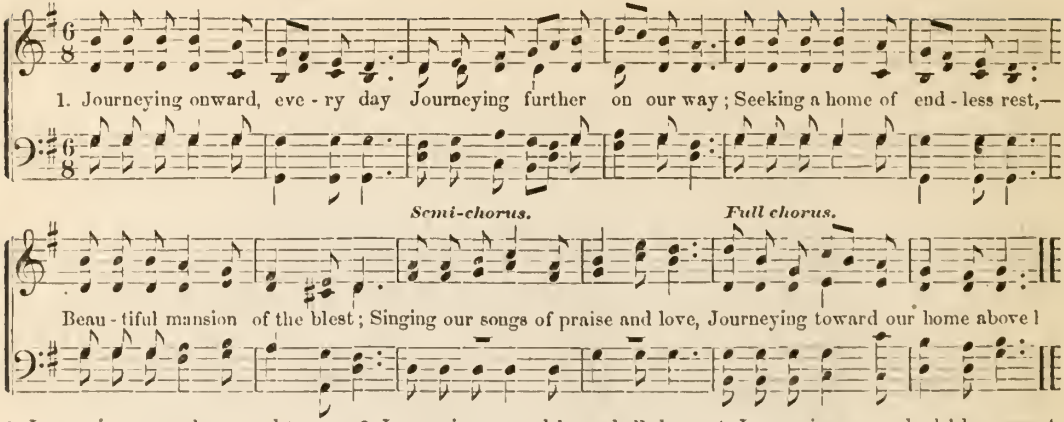
Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God, to men be peace and love." Thro' the earth and thro' the sky,

Let the anthem ev - er fly, Peace, good will to men, and glo - ry be to God on high.

2 'Tis a song for children too;
To the Saviour 'tis their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to Him again;
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong:
"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
Through the earth, &c.

3 Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease:
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise:
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."
Through the earth, &c.

254. JOURNEYING ONWARD.



2 Journeying onward, upward too;
Journeying still, with Heaven in view;
Sowing the seed we may not reap;
Standing on guard, when others sleep.
Journeying on; a pilgrim band,
Journeying toward the better land!

3 Journeying onward, hope shall cheer;
Journeying on, new joys appear;
Angels will guide the feet that stray,
Keeping them in the narrow way.
Hopefully waiting, trusting still,
Thus we may do our Master's will!

4 Journeying onward, oh! how sweet
Shall be the rest at Jesus' feet!
Then in the joys of saints we'll share;
Oh, may we meet each loved one there;
Soon shall our pilgrim days be o'er,—
Then shall we sin and toil no more.

---

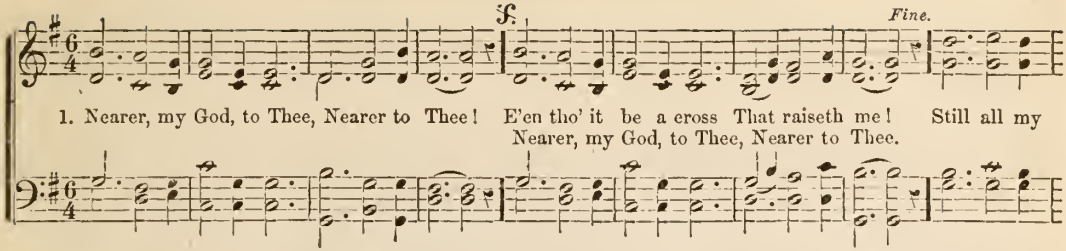
255. Beautiful Zion.

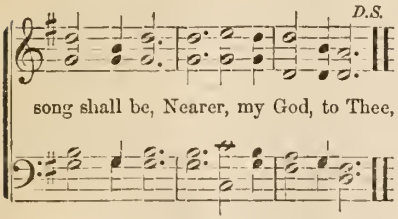
1 Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city, that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple.—God its light!
He who was slain on Calvary
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.





2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, &c.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me Nearer, &c.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be Nearer, &c.

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be Nearer, &c.

257. Jesus is Mine.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine;
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,—
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

258. "IF I COME TO JESUS."

Chorus.

1. { If I come to Je-sus, He will make me glad;
{ He will give me pleas-ure [*Omit*.....] When my heart is sad. If I come to

Je-sus Hap-py I shall be; He is gen-tly call-ing Lit-tle ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly;
He my sins did bear.—*Cho.*

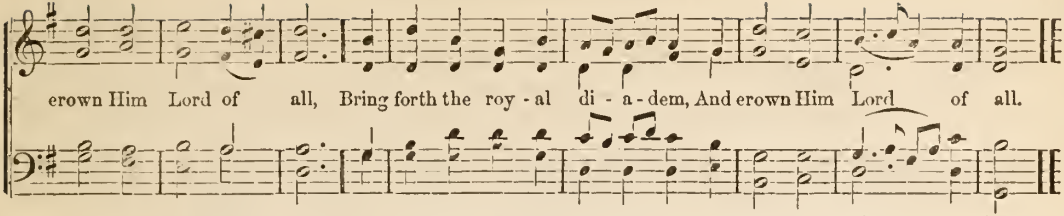
If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.—*Cho.*

4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.—*Cho.*

259. CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And



2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

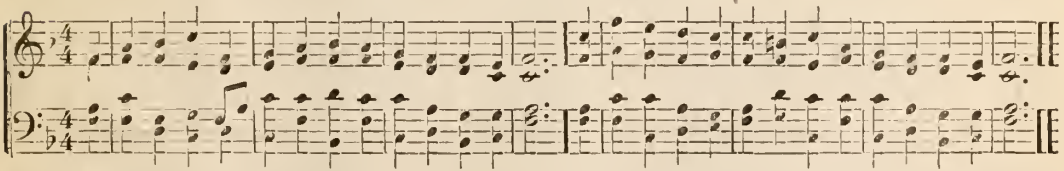
4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

260. DUNDEE. C. M.



My soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead;—

3 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

261. GOD IS LOVE.

1. Those beau - ti - ful orbs, in glo - ry bright, That cir - cle the clear blue arch of night, Pro -
2 The sea - sons that change, the years that roll, The wisdom and power of God control; He

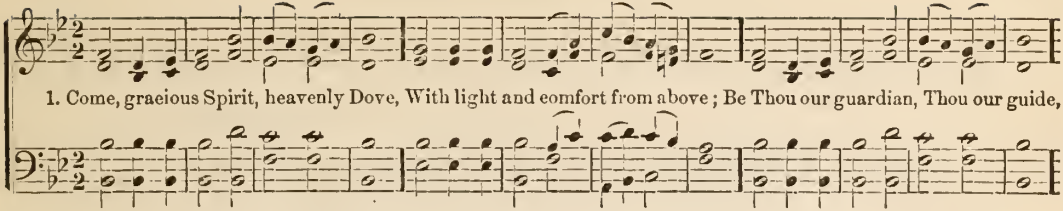
claim to the world, from yon-der sky, The wonder-ful works of God on high. God is love; On - ly love,
dwelleth in clouds of light sublime, And guideth the chariot wheels of time. God is love; &c.

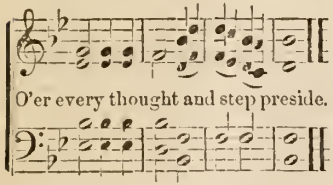
Chorus.

Reigns in the mansion prepared above. God is love; On - ly love, Reigns in the mansion prepared above.

3 He maketh the cooling streams to flow,
The blossoms to spring, and fruits to grow;
He holdeth the winds, He rules the deep,
And stilleth the raging waves to sleep.—*Cho.*

4 His love shall abide, His word endure,
His judgments are true, His promise sure;
The earth is the Lord's, let all rejoice,
And sing to His praise with heart and voice.—*Cho.*





2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there!

263. Repentance.

1 Here, at Thy cross, my gracious Lord,
I lay my soul beneath Thy love;
Oh, cleanse me with atoning blood,
Nor let me from Thy feet remove!

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defense,
If I must perish, there to die.

3 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear,
Am I not safe beneath Thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

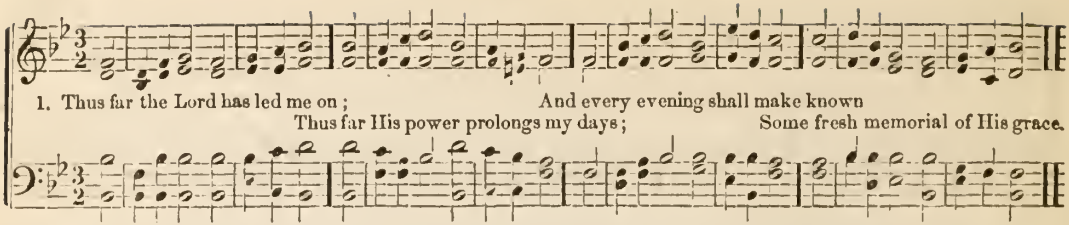
4 Yes, I'm secure beneath Thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my Saviour God!
And loudest praises to His name.

264. Holy Spirit.

1 The Spirit like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:
Why should we vex and grieve His love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life!

2 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ, His Son.

265. HEBRON. L. M.



2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home.
But He forgives my follies past:
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in Thy name forbids my fear;
Oh, may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

5 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

266. Love of God.

1 Our Helper, God! we bless Thy name,
The same Thy power, Thy grace the same;
The tokens of Thy loving care
Open and crown and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And see, when we survey our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far Thine arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And, while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls on Jordan's shore
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in Thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

267. Christ the Way.

1 Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul; I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb!
Wilt take me, guilty as I am:
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4 Now will I tell to sinners round
How dear a Saviour I have found:
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

1. { Hark! hark! the sweet, sweet chiming Of mer-ry Christmas bells,
Their low me-lo-dious hymn-ing A wondrous [*Omit*.....] sto-ry tell Beneath the stars that

glist-en O'er dis-tant Syrian plains, The watching shepherds list-en, To clear an-gel-ic strains.

2 "To God the highest glory!"
While heavenly arches ring,
Responsive to the story
That Gabriel doth sing:
"The peace on earth, whose blessing
Shall bring good will to men;"
And in His name progressing,
Shall fill the world again!

3 And where the dawn is streaking
The eastern sky, afar,
They see the glory breaking
From off a new-born Star?
It shines above the manger
Wherein a Babe was born,
And for that infant Stranger
Archangels hail the morn!

4 No kingly crown awaits Him,
No robe of Tyrian dye,
But heavenly choirs His praises
Are sounding thro' the sky!
For Bethlehem's lowly manger
The King of kings contains!
And Glory! Glory! Glory!
The Lord of all He reigns!

269. Eternal Rock.

Tune, "Hebron."

1 Eternal Rock!—to Thee I flee;
In Thy rent fissures would I hide:
No rill of mercy flows to me
But issues from Thy wounded side.

2 Earth's fondest hopes, and brightest dreams
Are fitful, fugitive, and vain;
The best of its polluted streams
I only drink to thirst again.

3 Forgiveness, peace, salvation, heav'n,
Jesus, I owe alone to Thee—
The Rock whose clefts for me were riven,
The smitten one of Calvary!

270. COME, CHILDREN, COME.

*

1. Come, children, come! God bids you come! Of the Lord of life and glory:
Come, and learn to sing the story Come, children, come.

2 Come, children, come!
Christ bids you come!
Early seek His face and favor,
Love and serve your blessed Saviour;
Come, children, come.

3 Come, children, come!
The Spirit says, come!
Come, with Zion's sons and daughters,
To the springs of living waters;
Come, children come.

4 Come, children, come;
Make heaven your home;
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
You shall live with Christ forever,
Come, children, come.

271. RECRUITING HYMN.

1. We're marching to the promised land, Come, join our happy youthful band.
A land all fair and bright; And seek the plains of light.

Chorus. *Ritard.*

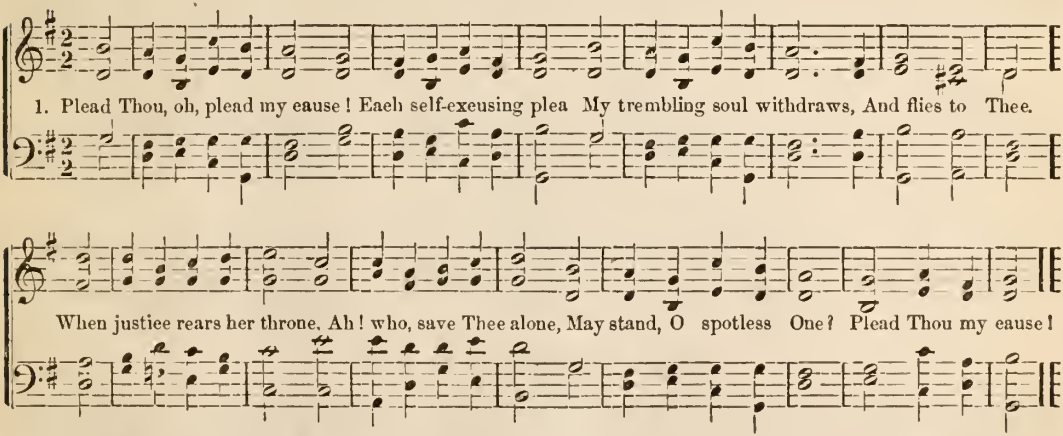
Oh, come and join our youthful band, We soon shall reach the promised land,
Our songs and triumphs share; And rest forev - er there.

2 The Saviour feeds His little flock,
His grace is freely given;
The living waters from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.
Oh, come and join, &c.

3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there;
And youthful voices there shall join
With the angelic choir.
Oh, come and join, &c.

4 Our teachers kind do point the way,
And guide our feet aright,
To those bright realms of endless day
Where Jesus is the light.
Then come and join, &c.

272. KENT.



2 Ah! plead not aught of mine
Before Thine altar throne—
Fragments, when all is Thine,
All, all Thine own!
Thou seest what stains they bear,
Oh, since each tear, each prayer,
Hath need of pardon there,
Plead Thou my cause!

3 Plead, when the tempter's art,
To each fond hope of mine,
Denies this faithless heart
Can e'er be Thine.
If slander whisper, too,
The sin I never knew,
Thou, who couldst urge the true,
Plead Thou my cause!

4 Oh, plead my cause above,
Plead Thine within my breast;
Till there Thy peaceful dove
Shall build her nest.
Thou know'st this will, how frail!
Thou know'st though language fail,
My soul's mysterious tale:
Plead Thou my cause!

273. LIKE A RIVER.

AMY ARNOTT. APGOMER.

1. Like a riv - er, like a riv - er, Tranquil-ly that flows, Is the peace, the blessed peace,
2. Free - ly giv - en, free - ly giv - en, Blest where'er it goes, Is the peace, the blessed peace,

1st time. 2nd time.

That our Lord be - stows, That our Lord be - stows.
That our Lord be - stows, That our Lord be - stows.

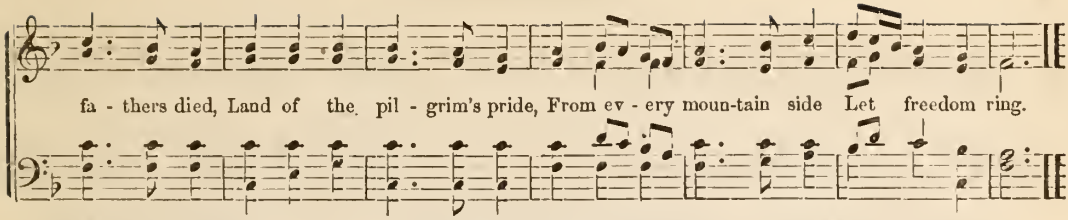
3.
Still abiding, still providing,
Balm for all our woes,
Such the peace, the blessed peace,
That our Lord bestows

4.
'Tis the Christian, 'tis the Christian,
Who in trial knows
Of the peace, the blessed peace,
That our Lord bestows.

274. AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

HANDEL.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my



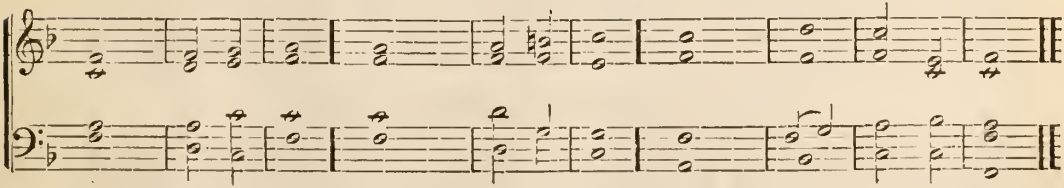
2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty!
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

275. THY WILL BE DONE. Chant.

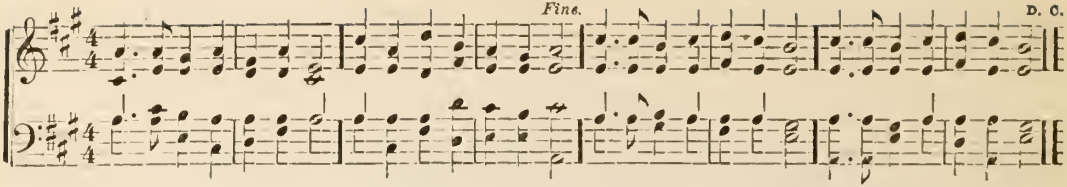
E. Roberts.



1 "Thy | will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy | will be | done."

2 "Thy | will be | done!" ‖ if o'er us shine
A gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine— |
"Thy | will be | done."

3 "Thy | will be | done!" ‖ though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort—one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore. |
"Thy | will be | done."



276. Sons of God.

1 Blessed are the Sons of God!
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2 They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefiled;
They are by the Spirit sealed,
They with love and peace are filled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

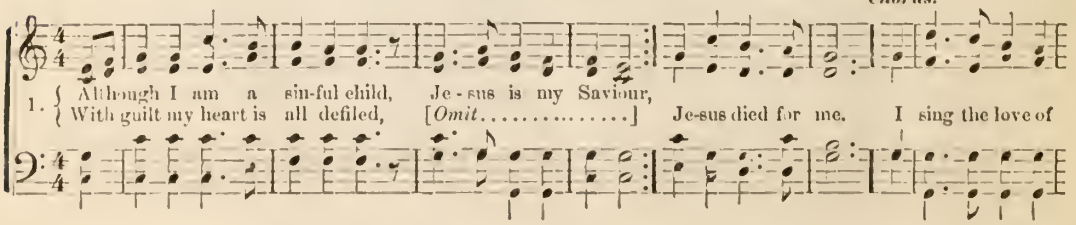
277. The Day-Spring.

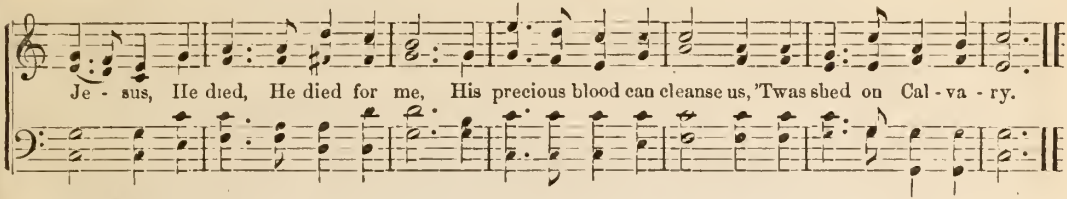
1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness! arise;
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If Thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see—
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

278. I SING THE LOVE OF JESUS. *





2 Though but a child, I'll do His will,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll hear His voice, and follow still—
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love, &c.

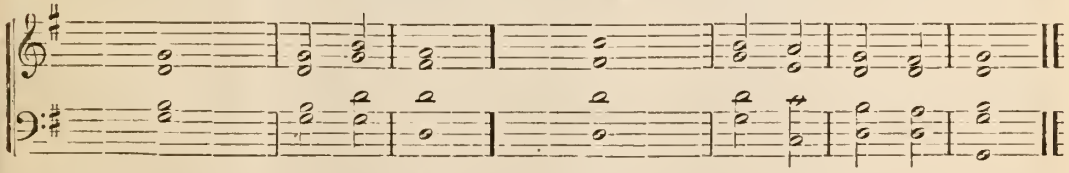
3 Around my feet is many a snare,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll seek Him every day in prayer,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love, &c.

4 And since His service I've begun,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll tell His love to every one,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love, &c.

5 When all my duties here are done,
Jesus is my Saviour—
He'll take me nearer to His throne,
Jesus died for me.

There I shall be with Jesus,
Who died, who died for me,
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.

279. BLESSED BE THE LORD. Chant.



BENEDICTUS. Luke i. 68–71.

1 Blessed be the Lord | God of | Israel, ‖
For He hath visited | and re- | deemed His | people.

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us ‖
In the | house of His | servant | David.

3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets, ‖
Which have | been since the | world be- | gan.

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies, ‖
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

5 Glory be to the Father | and to the | Son, ‖
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, ‖
World with- | out end. | A- — | men.

280. GO, AND TELL JESUS.

T. F. Seward.

1. Go, and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole; Look up to Him, He only can forgive, Believe on Him, and thou shalt surely live.

Chorus.

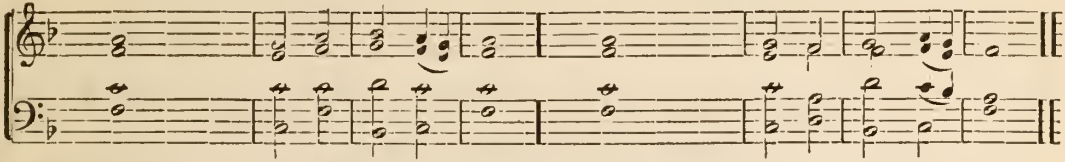
Go, and tell Je - sus, He only can forgive,
Go, and tell Je - sus, O turn to Him and live.

Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes;
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have. *Cho.*

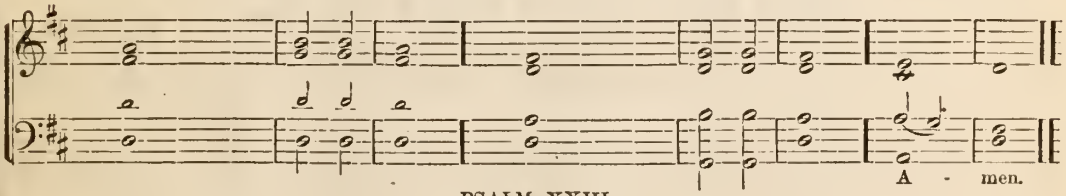
3 Go and tell Jesus, He'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest. *Cho.*

281. OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN. Chant. *Gregorian.*



1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name; ‖
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;
2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres- pass a- | gainst us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

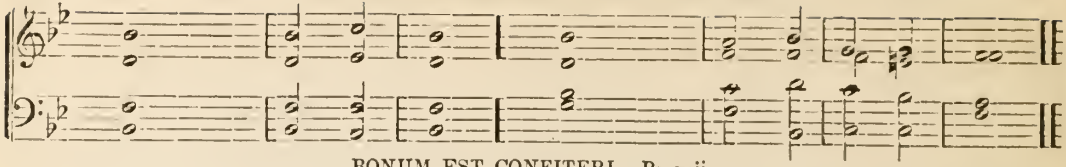
282. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Chant.



PSALM XXIII.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still | wa- — | ters.
3 He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His | name's — | sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they | comfort | me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, And I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for- | ev- — | er. ‖ A- | men.

283. IT IS A GOOD THING. Chant.



BONUM EST CONFITERI. Ps. xcii.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks | unto the | Lord; ‖ and to sing praises unto Thy | name — | O most | Highest.

2 To tell of Thy loving kindness | early in the | morning ‖ and of Thy | truth in the | night — | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute; ‖ upon a loud instrument, | and up- | on the | harp.

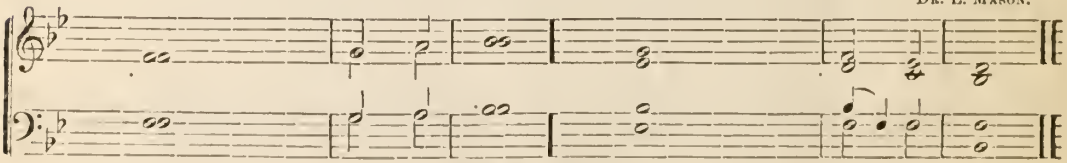
4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | works; ‖ and I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | ration | of Thy | hands.

5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

6 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end. A- | men, A- | men.

284. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES. Chant.

DR. L. MASON.



PSALM CXXI.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence | cometh my | help. ‖

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved, He that keep- | eth thee | will not | slumber. ‖

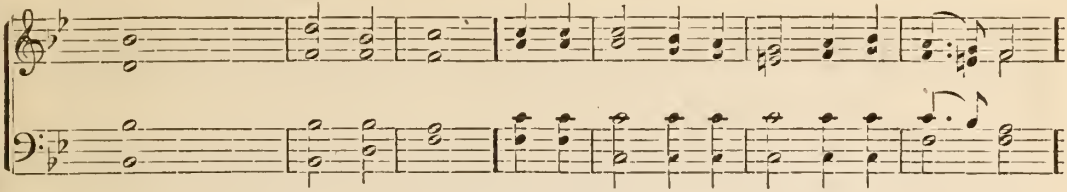
4 Behold, He that keepeth Israel, shall not | slumber nor | sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand. ‖

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.

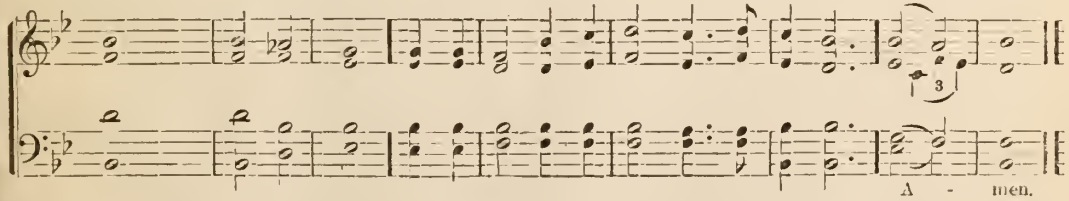
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall pre- | serve thy | soul. ‖

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore. | A- — | men.



PSALM CXXXVI.

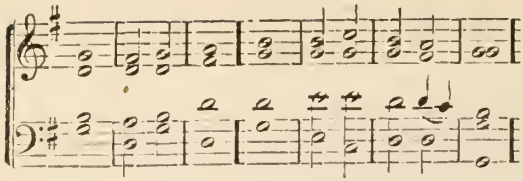
1 O give thanks unto the Lord, for | He is | good; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
3 O give thanks unto the | Lord of | lords; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
5 To Him that by wisdom | made the | heavens; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
7 To Him that | made great | lights; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
9 Who remembered us in our | low es- | tate; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
11 Who giveth food | to all | flesh; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.



2 Give thanks unto the | God of | gods; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
4 To Him who alone | doeth great | wonders; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
6 To Him that stretched out the earth a- | bove the | waters; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
8 The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to | rule by | night; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
10 And hath redeemed us | from our | enemies; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.
12 O give thanks unto the | God of | heaven; *Cho.* For His mercy endureth for ever.

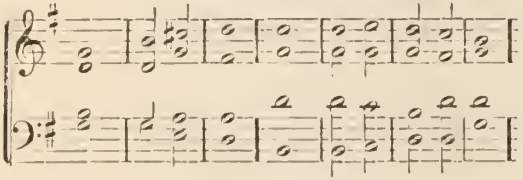
Amen.

286. GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. Chant.



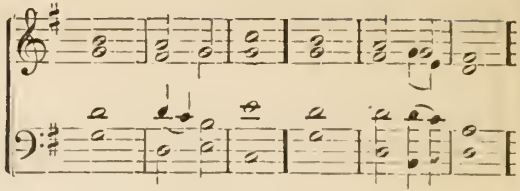
Glory be to | God on | high; ‖ and on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, ‖ we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee, for | Thy great | glory,



O Lord God, | heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ, ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father,

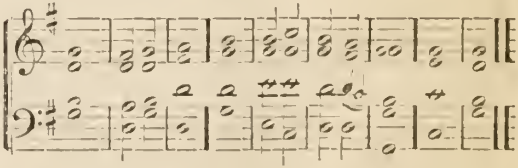


That takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have merey | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ have merey | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins · of the | world, ‖ re- — | eeive our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have merey | upon | us.



For Thou | only art | holy, ‖ Thou | only | art the | Lord;

Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. ‖ A- | men.

287. NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Nev-er for-get the dear ones A-round the so-cial hearth, The sunny smiles of gladness, The songs of artless mirth, Though other scenes may woo thee In oth-er lands to roam, Never for-get the dear ones That clus-ter round thy home.

2 Ever their hearts are turning
To thee when far away,
Their love so pure and tender,
Is with thee on thy way.
Wherever thou may'st wander,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

3 Never forget thy father,
Who cheerful toils for thee,
Within thy heart may ever,
Thy mother's image be:
Thy sister dear and brother,
They long for thee to come;
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

288. THE BRIGHT TO-MORROW.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. No night so dark, No day so drear, But we some hope may bor - row, A light will come The way to cheer, And all be bright to - mor - row!

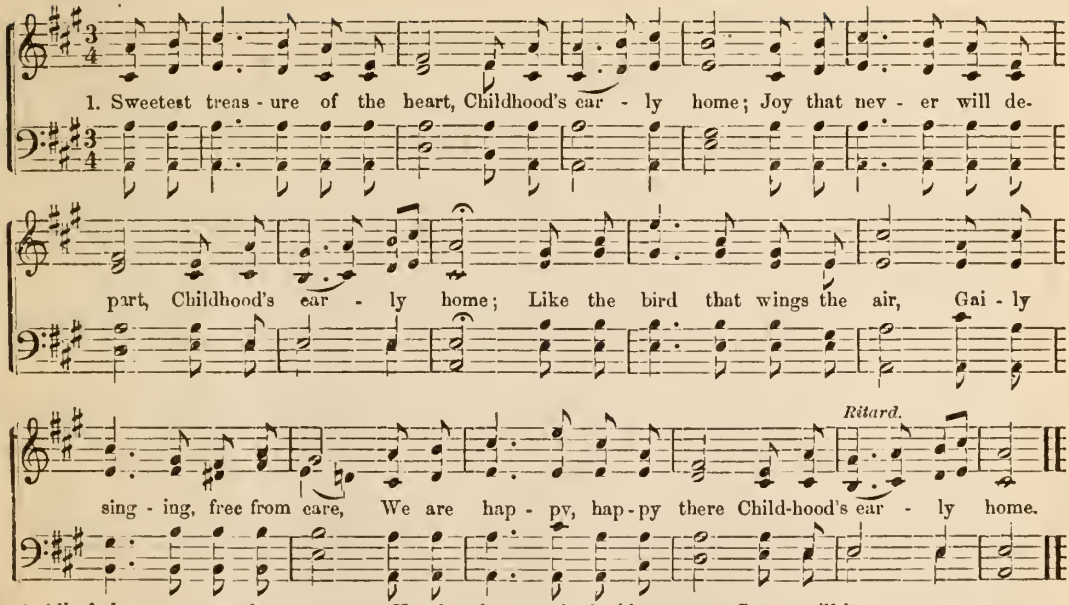
Chorus.

Wait, wait, patient - ly wait; All may be bright to - mor - row! A light will come the way to cheer, And all be bright to - mor - row!

2 For grief so sad,
For heart so sore,
For every pain and sorrow,
There is a balm
That will restore,
'Twill surely come to-morrow! *Cho.*

3 'Tis Jesus' love
That brings us down,
And He our griefs will lighten;
If 'neath the cross
We find the crown,
How soon the days will brighten! *Cho.*

4 However dark
The clouds to-day,
A promise sure is given,
That soon, yes, soon
They'll break away,
And show a brighter Heaven! *Cho.*



2 All of pleasure we can know,
Childhood's early home;
In this fleeting world below,
Childhood's early home; [ers,
Smiles and tears, like sun and show-
Chase the merry laughing hours;
There our path is strown with flowers,
Childhood's early home.

3 Kneeling by a mother's side,
In our peaceful home;
When the golden shadows glide,
In our peaceful home;
By her gentle arm caressed,
To her bosom fondly pressed;
Only love can ever rest,
In our peaceful home.

4 Let us still its memory wear,
Childhood's early home;
Holy thoughts are twining there,
Childhood's early home;
Thoughts of love and kindred ties,
Tho'ts the heart should dearly prize,
Till we soar beyond the skies,
To our heavenly home.

290. BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

A. J. Abbey.

1. Be kind to each oth - er, The night's coming on; When friend and when brother Perchance may be gone;

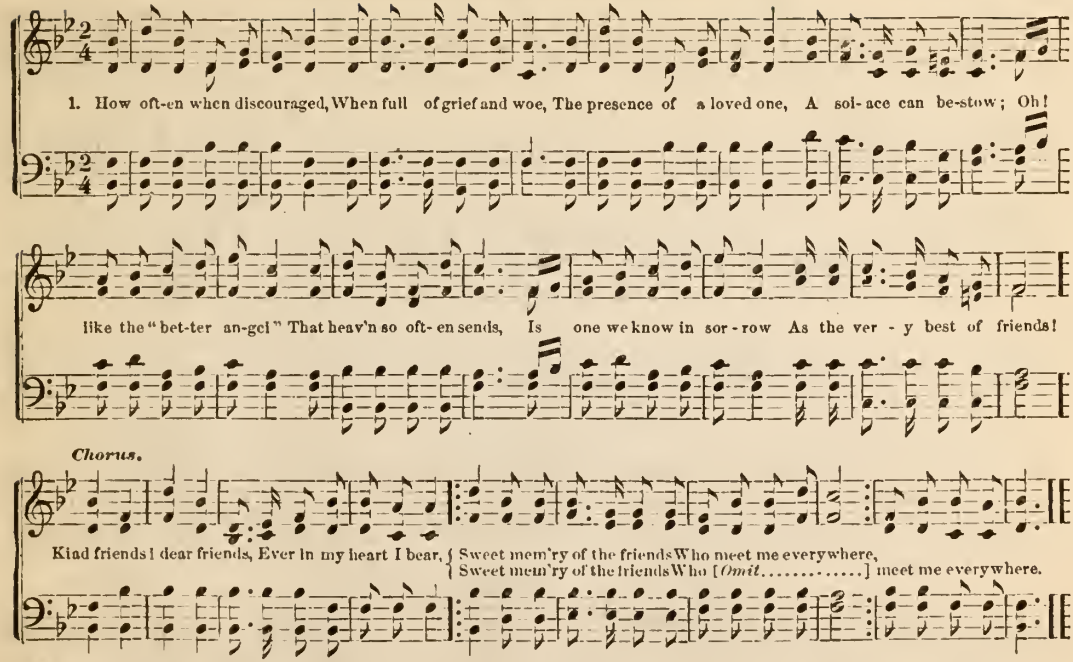
Then 'midst our de - jec - tion, How sweet to have earn'd The blest re - col - lec - tion Of kindness returned.

Refrain.

Happy children, blessed children, Who are lov - ing one an-oth - er tru - ly, And the Saviour, blessed Saviour, lov - ing more than all besides.

2 When day hath departed
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all the loved sleep;
Let falsehood assail not
Nor envy disprove,
Let trifles prevail not,
'Gainst those whom you love.

3 Nor change with to-morrow
Should fortune take wing,
The deeper the sorrow
The closer still cling;
Be kind to each other
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother,
Perchance may be gone.



2 And when we are rejoicing
O'er happy days, so sweet;
And all the while we're treading
Bright roses under feet;
Oh, then an added brightness
To holidays it lends,
If they are spent with dear ones,
Just the dearest of our friends!
Cho.—Kind friends! etc.

3 There is no heart that cannot
Some boon of friendship claim;
However poor, or needy,
However lost to fame;
Oh, souls in sweet communion
A kindred joy impart;
And I've a shrine for loved ones,
In a corner of my heart!
Cho.—Kind friends! etc.

292. "THROUGH THE WILDERNESS."

1. Through the wil der-ness, Streams of ten-derness Pour from out thy fount-ain's full sup-ply;

Let thy hap-pi-ness Flow in bless-ed-ness O'er the wea-ry hearts that drink or die.

2 Where the shelterless
Standeth comfortless,
Let thine eye in loving kindness turn;
To the motherless
Ne'er be pitiless,—
Let thy heart and hand with blessings burn.

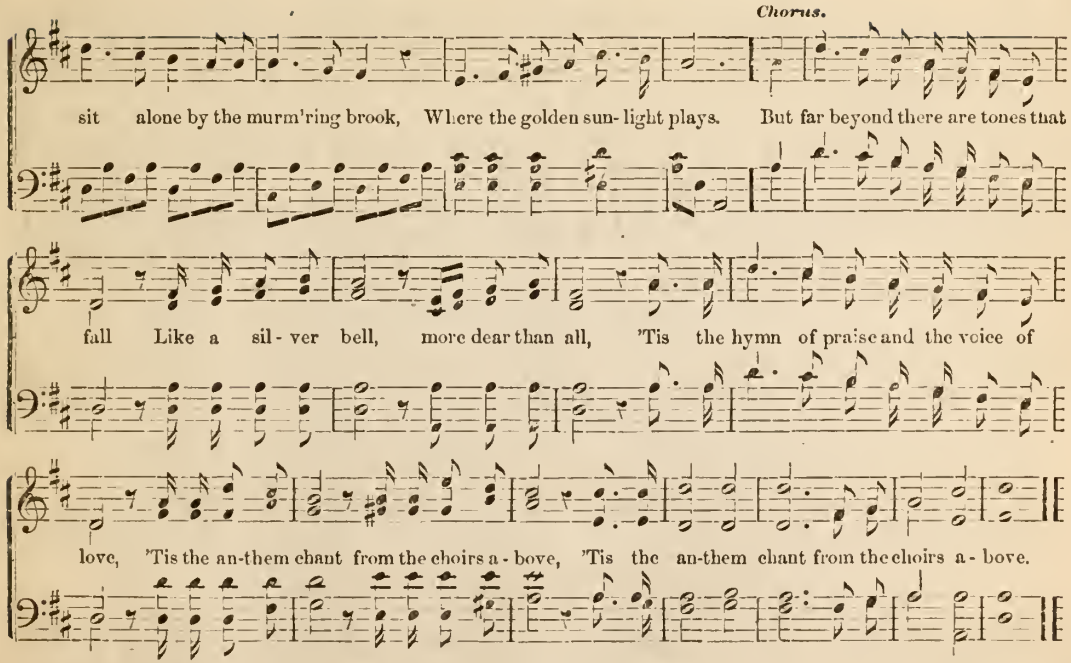
3 In their helplessness,
In their sinfulness,
Let them feel that thou canst love them still;
By thy watchfulness,
By thy prayerfulness,
They may learn to do our Father's will.

4 Thro' the wilderness,
Streams of tenderness
Pour from out thy fountain's full supply;
All the wretchedness
Turn to blessedness,
So shalt thou receive reward on high.

293. THE ANTHEM CHANT.

H. MILLARD

1. I list-en oft for plain-tive songs In the warm, glad sum-mer days, When I



2 I listen oft for plaintive songs,
From the birds in the waving tree,
For I know that some of that minstrel
Will sing in a minor key.
But far beyond, &c.

3 When pleasure a fair chaplet weaves
For a young and happy throng;
When the heart beats quick and the eye [is bright,
I list for a plaintive song.
But far beyond, &c.

4 I listen oft for plaintive songs,
In the world where'er I roam; [joy.
They will ever blend with the notes of
Till we reach our heavenly home.
But far beyond, &c.

295. "THE WIND WHISPERS LOW."

CARL MARIA V. WEBER.

1. The wind whispers low, and the waves sparkle bright, The skiff on their bo - som bounds

Tenor should sing softly.

buoy - ant and light; { We glide by the shores that seem float - ing a - long, / And sing with the wild - birds our blithe morn- [*Omit*....] } ing song.

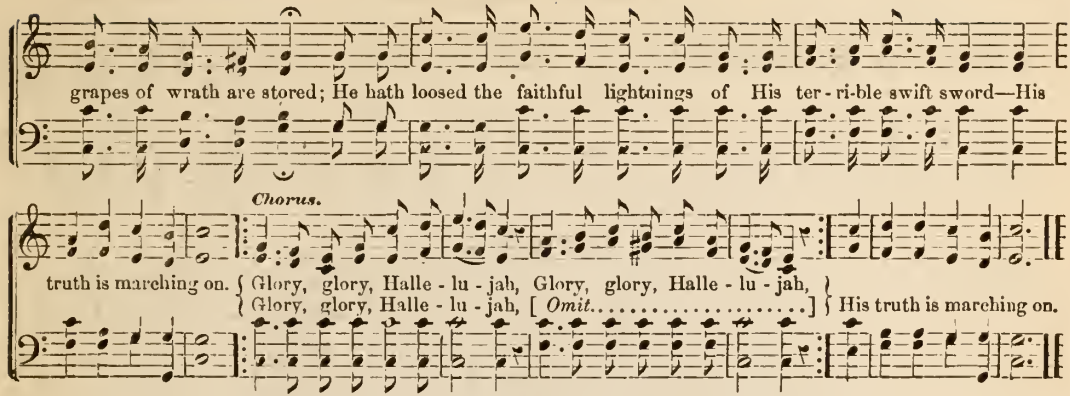
2. The heavens are smiling, the waters are clear,
The sounds from the shore sweetly mingled we hear;
We bound o'er the waters with bosoms as light,
The plash of the waves fills our hearts with delight.

3 Oh, morning and youth! how you hasten away!
As perfume of flowers, or garlands in May;
As whispering zephyrs, or foam on the spray;
Oh, youth and the morning, you hasten away!

4 As lengthen the shadows, and dews gather chill,
As twilight's last smiles touch the tree top and hill,
Now slowly we turn through the brenkers and foam—
Ah! sweet is the evening, but sweeter is home.

295. MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY. *

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the coming of the Lord, He is trampling out the vintage where the



2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps—
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps—
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps—
His word is marching on.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah, &c.

3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah, &c.

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the heart of men before His judgment-seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah, &c.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—Glory, glory, Hallelujah, &c.

296. TO AND FRO.

HENRY TUCKER.

Chorus.

To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle child - ren, As they go,

D. C. To and fro, to and fro, &c.

Fine. Semi-chorus.

as they go; bu - sy march of bu - sy feet! Here and there, ev - 'ry - where, joy - ous songs we're

D. C.

sing - ing; Loud and clear, full of cheer, hap - py tones are ring - ing.

2 To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of little children,
As they go, as they go; busy march of busy feet!
We will tell, we will tell of the wondrous story,
While we raise songs of praise, to our Lord in glory.
To and fro, to and fro, &c.

3 To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of little children,
As they go, as they go, busy march of busy feet!
Thro' the world, through the world, doing angel's duty,
Bright and fair, bright and fair, clothed in angel beauty.
To and fro, to and fro, &c.

1. We've on - ly a lit - tle while to stay, And ev - er so much to do; There's plenty of work for

Cho. We've on - ly a lit - tle while, &c.

Fine.

ev - ery day, And plen-ty for me and you! And ev - ery mo - ment as it flies, The

D. C.

bridge of Time has cross'd; Oh, may it nev - er be to us A gold-en moment lost!

2 'Tis surely an easy thing to do
Whatever love may require;
The simplest of tasks that we pur-
To mightier deeds inspire. [sue
The soul that longs with grateful
To do its Father's will, [love
Can find some task for every day,
The fleeting hours to fill. *Cho.*

2 'Tis sinful to idle time away,
These moments to us are given;
To gather the wheat that grows to-
And bind it in sheaves for heav'n. [day,
The fields are white; oh! ask your
Why are the lab'rers few? [soul
Since God appointed man to toil,
There's work for all to do. *Cho.*

4 Then up, and away, for evening comes,
Too soon, ah! too soon for those
Who trifle life's morning hours away,
And sinfully seek repose.
For Satan's work is going on,
And be your crown may win;
Then if you mean to do your part,
'Tis time you should begin. *Cho*

298. JOYFULLY SING.

Allegro. T. F. Seward.

1. Joy - ful - ly now our hearts are glow-ing, All our love on Thee be-stow-ing, Hap - pi - ly blend our

Chorus.

youth-ful voi-ces, Swelling Thy praise, our Sav-ior King. Joy-ful-ly sing, joy- ful -ly sing, Sweet is the air its

fra - grance bring - ing; Joy - ful - ly sing, joy - ful - ly sing, Sweet is the song of praise we bring.

2 Freely we come to ask Thy blessing,
Here Thy gracious name confessing,
Cheerfully blend our hearts and voices,
Swelling Thy praise, our Savior King.
Cho.—Joyfully sing, etc.

3 Happy to-day are all around us,
Sweetest love and joy surround us;
Joyfully blend our hearts and voices,
Swelling Thy praise, our Savior King.
Cho.—Joyfully sing, etc.

299. PEACEFUL DWELLING.

1. Gath-ered in a peaceful dwell-ing, Sit-ting at a mother's feet, Les-sons from the Ho-ly
2. If they have not found the Sav-iour, We may point them to the way, By a sin-gle word of
3. Christian homes, how-ev-er low-ly, Wear a smile that nev-er dies; 'Tis a beam of light re-

Bi-ble, Oh, how pleas-ant to re-peat; Or, a hymn that tells of Je-sus, How He
kind-ness, We have heard our teach-ers say; Hearts are nev-er half so hap-py, Homes are
-flect-ed, From a land be-yond the skies; May our Sun-day School in-struc-tion Make us

died and lives a-gain, We can sing it to our pa-rents; They will love the joy-ful strain.
nev-er half so bright, Till the pa-rents, with the child-ren, Morn and eve in prayer u-nite.
what we ought to be, Kind and gen-tle to our pa-rents,—True and faithful, Lord, to Thee.

300. DEEDS OF LOVE.

D. S. D.

1. How sweet the joy that deeds of love And kind-ly words im-part! Like leaves of heal-ing

Refrain.

balm they prove To ev-ery bleeding heart! Let kind-ness rule in ev-ery breast, For blessing oth-ers

we are blest! Let kind-ness rule in ev-ery breast, For bless-ing oth-ers we are blest!

2 Like morning dews, that gently rest
On every opening flower,
Are loving words that soothe the breast,
In sorrow's darkest hour.—*Refrain.*

3 A hope they give that cheers the heart,
And calms the troubled mind;
And doubts and fears like clouds depart
If those we love are kind.—*Refrain.*

4 A little word of tenderness,
Or loving counsel given,
Will wake an echo that shall bless
Our entrance into Heaven!—*Refrain.*

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